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THE
Ignorant Philosopher.

WITH

An ADDRESS to the PUBLIC.



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T H E

Ignorant Philosopher.

W I T H

An ADDRESS to the PUBLIC

U P O N

The Parricides imputed to the Families of
CALAS and SIRVEN.

Translated from the French of M. De VOLTAIRE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for S. BLADON, in Pater-Noster Row.

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Ignorance

An Address to the Public

Translated from the French of M. D. C. L. T. A. R. C.

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Printed by J. M. G. L. T. A. R. C.

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T H E

T H E

IGNORANT PHILOSOPHER.

The first Doubt.

WHO art thou? From whence dost thou come? What is thy employment? What will become of thee? These are questions that should be put to every being in the universe, but to which no one replies. I ask of plants by what virtue they grow, and how the same earth produces such a diversity of fruits? These insensible and mute beings, though enriched with a divine faculty, leave me to my own ignorance and to vain conjectures.

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I in-

I interrogate that herd of different animals, all which have the power of motion and communication, who enjoy the same sensations as myself, whose passions are accompanied with an extent of ideas and memory. They are still more ignorant than myself what they are, wherefore they exist, and what they shall become.

I suspect, I have even some reason to believe that the planets, the innumerable suns which replenish space, are peopled with sensible and thinking people; but an eternal barrier separates us, and no inhabitant of the other globes ever communed with us.

The Prior, in *Nature Displayed*, says to the Knight, that the stars were made for the earth, and the earth as well as animals for man. But as the little globe of earth revolves with the other planets



planets round the sun; as the regular and proportionate motions of the stars may eternally subsist without men; as there are in our little planet, an infinitely greater number of animals than human beings; I imagined that the Prior was actuated by too great a share of self-love, in flattering himself that every thing had been made for him. I find that man in his life-time will be devoured by every kind of animal, if he be defenceless, and that they all devour him after his death. Wherefore I have had some difficulty in conceiving that the Prior and the Knight were the sovereigns of nature. A slave to every thing that surrounds me, instead of being a king; chained to a single point, and environed with immensity; I will begin by searching into myself.

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II. *Our Weakness.*

I am a weak animal; at my birth I have neither strength, knowledge, nor instinct; I cannot even crawl to my mother's breast, like every quadruped; I only acquire a few ideas, as I acquire a little strength, and as my organs begin to unfold themselves. This strength increases in me, till such time as having attained my full growth it daily decreases. This power of conceiving ideas increases in the same manner during its term, and afterwards by degrees insensibly vanishes.

What is that mechanism which momentarily increases the strength of my members, as far as the prescribed boundaries? I am ignorant of it; and those who have passed their whole lives in the research, know no more than myself.

What

What is that other power, which conveys images into my brain, and which preserves them in my memory? Those who are paid for knowing have only made fruitless enquiries; we are all in the same state of ignorance, with regard to the first principles of our infant state.

III. *How am I to think?*

Have the books which have been written for these two thousand years taught me any thing? We have sometimes a desire of knowing in what manner we think, though we have seldom any desire of knowing how we digest, how we walk. I have questioned my reason, and asked what it is? This question has always confounded me.

I have endeavoured to discover by it, if the same springs that make me digest, which make me walk, are the same

B 3 whereby

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whereby I receive ideas. I never could conceive how and wherefore these ideas fled when my body languished with hunger, and how they were renovated after I had eaten.

I discovered such a wide difference between thought and nourishment, without which I should not think, that I believed there was a substance in me that reasoned, and another substance that digested. Nevertheless, by constantly endeavouring to convince myself that we are two, I materially felt that I was only one: and this contradiction gave me infinite pain.

I have asked some of my own likenesses who cultivate the earth our common mother, with great industry, if they felt that they were two? if they had discovered by their philosophy, that they possessed within them an immortal substance

Substance, and nevertheless formed of nothing, existing without extent, acting upon their nerves, without touching them, sent expressly into the belly of their mother six weeks after their conception? They thought that I was jesting, and pursued the cultivation of their land, without making me a reply.

IV. *Is it necessary for me to know?*

Finding then that a prodigious number of men had not even the slightest idea of the difficulties that disturbed me, and had no doubts of what is taught in schools, of being, in general, matter and spirit, &c. finding that they often ridiculed my desire of being acquainted with these things; I suspected that it was not in the least necessary that we should know them; I imagined that nature has given to every being a portion that is proper for him; and I

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thought those things which we could not attain, did not belong to us. But notwithstanding this despair, I cannot divest myself of a desire of being instructed; and my baffled curiosity is ever insatiable.

V. *Aristotle, Descartes, and Gassendi.*

Aristotle begins by saying, that incredulity is the source of wisdom; Descartes has carried this sentiment still farther, and they have both taught me to believe nothing they say. This Descartes, particularly, after pretending to doubt, speaks in such an affirmative manner of what he does not understand; he is sure of the fact, when he is grossly mistaken in physics; he has built such an imaginary world; his whirl-winds and three elements are so prodigiously ridiculous, that I ought to suspect every thing he says upon the soul, after he has imposed upon me with respect to bodies. He

He believes, or affects to believe, that we are born with metaphysical ideas. I would as soon aver that Homer was born with the Iliad in his head. It is very true, that Homer, at his birth, had a brain so constructed, that having afterwards acquired poetical ideas, sometimes fine, sometimes incoherent, or sometimes exaggerated, he at length composed the Iliad. We bring into the world at our birth the seed of what afterwards displays itself in us ; but we have really no more innate ideas than Raphael and Michael Angelo had at their birth pencils and colours.

Descartes endeavours to unite his scattered chimeras, by supposing men always to think ; I would as soon imagine that birds never cease flying, or dogs running, because they are endued with these abilities.

We

TO THE IGNORANT

We need only consult a little our experience and that of human nature, to be thoroughly convinced of the contrary; there is no man mad enough to firmly believe he has thought all his life, night and day, without interruption, from the time of his being a foetus, till his last illness. The only resource of those who have defended such a romance has been to say that we always think, but we do not always perceive we think. It might be as well asserted, that we drink, eat, and ride on horseback without knowing it. If you don't perceive that you possess any ideas, how can you affirm that you have any? Gassendi ridiculed this extravagant system as it deserved. Do you know what was the consequence? Gassendi and Descartes were pronounced atheists.

VI. *Beasts.*

VI. *Beasts.*

Man being supposed to have continually possessed ideas, perceptions, and conceptions, it naturally follows, that beasts were likewise always in possession of them; for it is incontestible that a hunting dog has the idea of the master he obeys, and of the game that he brings him. It is evident that he has memory, and that he combines some ideas. Thus then if the thought of man be the essence of his soul, that of the dog is the essence of his soul, and if man had always ideas, animals must necessarily have had them also. To remove this difficulty, the manufacturer of whirlwinds and chamfered matter dared to say, that beasts were pure machines, who sought for food without appetite, who had constantly had the organs of sensation without ever having the least sensation, who cried without pain,
who

who testified joy without pleasure, who possessed a brain incapable of receiving the slightest idea, and who were therefore a perpetual contradiction.

This system was as ridiculous as the other ; but instead of exposing its extravagance, it was treated as impious. It was pretended that this system was repugnant to the Holy Scriptures, which says in Genesis, " And surely your blood of your lives will I require ; at the hand of every beast will I require it ; " which manifestly supposes in beasts, a knowledge of, and acquaintance with, good and evil.

VII. *Experience.*

Let us never introduce the Holy Scriptures into our philosophical disputes ; these are things too heterogeneous, and which have no relation to it. The point here is to examine what we can know by ourselves,

ourselves, and this is reduced to a very narrow compass. We must give up all pretensions to common sense not to agree, that we know nothing in the world but by experience; and certainly, if it is only by experience, and by a succession of groping and long reflection, that we obtain some feeble and slight ideas of body, of space, time, infinity, and God himself; it would not be worth while for the author of nature to put these ideas into the brain of every foetus, in order that only a very small number of men should make use of them.

We are all, with respect to the objects of our knowledge, like the ignorant lovers Daphnis and Chloe, whose amours and vain attempts Longus has depicted. They required much time to guess how they could satisfy their desires, as they had no experience. The same thing happened to the emperor Leopold, and to a son of
Lewis

Lewis XIV; it was necessary to instruct them. If they had been born with innate ideas, we should believe that nature would not have refused them the principal and only necessary one for the preservation of the human species.

VIII. *Substance.*

As we can have no notion, but by experience, it is not impossible that we can ever know what matter is. We touch, we see the properties of this substance; but this very expression "substance which is beneath," sufficiently acquaints us that this thing beneath will ever be unknown to us; whatever we may discover of its appearance, there will always remain this beneath to discover. For the same reason, we can never know by ourselves what is *spirit*. It is a word which usually signifies breath, and by which we endeavour to express vaguely and grossly that which gives

us

us thoughts. But when, even, by a prodigy, which is not to be supposed, we should acquire some slight idea of the substance of this spirit, we should be no farther advanced; and we could never guess how this substance received sentiments and thoughts. We know very well that we have some small intellectual faculty; but how do we obtain it? This is a secret of nature, which she has not divulged to any mortal.

IX. *Narrow Limits.*

Our intellects are very confined as well as the strength of our body. Some men are more robust than others: there are also Hercules's with respect to thought; but, at the bottom, this superiority is a very trivial thing. One shall lift ten times as much matter as myself; another can do in his head and without paper, a division of fifteen figures, whilst I can only

ly divide three or four, with much difficulty; here then is the extent of that vaunted strength; its limits are very confined; and therefore in games of combination, no man after having trained himself with great application and long practice, will, with all his efforts, get beyond that degree of perfection allotted him: this is the goal of his intellects. It is absolutely necessary, that it should be so, otherwise we should gradually go on to infinity.

X. *Impossible Discoveries.*

In this narrow circle by which we are circumscribed, let us see what we are condemned to be ignorant of, and what we gain a little knowledge of. We have already found, that no first resource, no first principle, can be traced by us.

Why does my arm obey my will?
We are so accustomed to this incomprehensible

henfible phænomenon, that very few pay attention to it; and when we want to trace the cause of fo common an effect, we find that there is infinity between our will and the obedience of our limb; that is to fay, there is no proportion between them, no reason, no apparent cause; and we feel that we might think to eternity, without being able to discover the leaft glimpe of probability.

XI. *The Foundation of Despair.*

Thus stopped at the very first onset, and vainly relying upon ourselves, we are dismayed from seeking after ourselves, as we can never discover ourselves. All ourselves are inexplicable.

We know pretty nearly, with the assistance of triangles, that the sun and earth are about thirty millions of geometrical miles distant; but what is the sun? and

C wherefore

wherefore does it turn upon its axis? and why in one sense more than another? and why do Saturn and we revolve round this planet sooner from west to east than from east to west? This question will not only ever remain unsatisfied, but we shall never discover the least possibility to devise a physical cause for it. Wherefore? because the first knot of this difficulty is in the principle of things.

It is the same with respect to what acts within us, as to what actuates the immense spaces of nature. There is in the arrangement of the planets, and in the formation of a hand-worm, and of man, a first principle, the avenue to which must necessarily be barred against us. For if we could be acquainted with our first spring, we should be its masters, we should be gods. Let us illustrate this idea, and see if it be just.

Suppose that we found, in effect, the cause of our sensations, of our thoughts, and our motions, as we have only discovered in the planets the reason of eclipses and of the different phases of the moon and Venus; it is evident we could then foretel our sensations, our thoughts, and our desires resulting from these sensations, as we predict the phases and the eclipses. Being then acquainted with what would happen to-morrow within us, we should clearly see by the play of this machine, whether we should be affected in a fatal or auspicious manner. We have, it is agreed, a will that directs our interior motions in various circumstances. For example, I find myself disposed to wrath, my reflection and will suppress its growing fits; I shall see if I know my first principles, all the affections to which I am disposed for to-morrow, all the successive ideas that wait for me; I could have the same power over this succession

of ideas and sentiments, as I sometimes exert over actual sentiments and thoughts, which I divert and repress. I should find myself precisely in the same case with every man who can retard and accelerate, according to his will, the motion of a watch, a ship, or any other well known machine.

Being master of the ideas that are destined for me to-morrow, I should be also of those for the following day, and even the remainder of my life ; I could then be ever powerful over myself, I should be the God of myself. I am very sensible that this state is incompatible with my nature ; it is therefore impossible that I can know any thing of the first principle which makes me think and act.

XII. *Doubt.*

Is that which is impossible for my weak limited nature of so short a duration,

equally impossible in other globes, in other species of beings? are there any superior intelligences, masters of all their ideas, who think and feel all that they chuse? I know nothing of the matter; I am only acquainted with my own weakness, I have no idea of the powers of others.

XIII. *Am I free?*

Let us not yet quit the circle of our existence; let us examine ourselves as far as we are able. I remember one day before I had put all the foregoing questions, a reasoner wanted to make me reason. He asked me if I was free? I replied that I was not in prison, that I had the key of my chamber, that I was perfectly free. That is not what I ask you, he replied, do you believe your will is at liberty of disposing or not disposing you to throw yourself out of the window? Do you think with the scholastic angel

that the free agent is an appetitive power, and the free agent is lost by sin? I fixed my eyes upon the querist, in order to read in his, if he was not out of his mind; and I answered, that I did not understand the least of his gibberish.

Nevertheless, this question, upon the freedom of man, greatly interested me; I read scholiasts, and, like them, I was in the dark; I read Locke, and I discovered some rays of light; I read Collins's treatise, which appeared to me an improvement upon Locke; and I have never read any thing since that has given me additional instruction. This is what my weak reason hath conceived, with the assistance of these two great men, the only two, who have, in my opinion, understood themselves, in writing upon this subject, and the only two who have made themselves understood to others.

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There is nothing without a cause. An effect without a cause, are words without meaning. Every time that I have a will, this can only be in consequence of my judgment, good or bad; this judgment is necessary, consequently, so is my will. In effect, it would be very singular that all nature, all the planets, should obey eternal laws, and that there should be a little animal five feet high, who, in contempt of these laws, could act as he pleased, solely according to his caprice. He would act by chance; and we know that chance is nothing. We have invented this word to express the known effect of all unknown causes.

My ideas necessarily enter into my brain, how then can my will, which depends upon them, be free? I feel upon various occasions, that this will is not free; thus when I am overwhelmed with illness, when I am transported with passion, when my

judgment cannot comprehend objects that present themselves to me, &c. I should think, therefore, that the laws of nature being always the same, my will is not more free in things that appear to me the most indifferent, than in those in which I find myself compelled by an invincible force.

To be really free is to have power. My liberty consists in doing what I chuse : but I must necessarily chuse what I will ; otherwise it would be without reason, without cause, which is impossible. My liberty consists in walking when I have a mind to walk, and I have not the gout.

My liberty consists in not doing a bad action when my mind necessarily represents it as a bad action ; to subdue a passion, when my mind points out to me the danger of it, and the horror of the act powerfully combats my desire. We
may

may suppress our passions (as I have already said, N° IV.) but then we are not freer in suppressing our desires, than by letting ourselves be carried away by our inclination ; for in both cases, we irresistibly pursue our last idea ; and this last idea is necessary : wherefore I necessarily perform what this dictates to me. It is strange that men should not be content with this measure of liberty, that is to say, the power which they have received from nature of doing what they chuse ; the planets have it not ; we possess it, and our pride makes us sometimes believe that we possess still more. We figure to ourselves that we have the incomprehensible and absurd gift of election, without reason, without any other motive than that of free-will. See N° XXIX.

No, I cannot forgive Dr. Clarke for having sophistically opposed these truths, the force of which he felt, but which did
not

not well agree with his systems. No, it is not allowed to such a philosopher as him to attack Collins as a sophist, by changing the state of the question, and reproaching Collins with calling man "a necessary agent." Agent or patient, what doth it signify? An agent when he voluntarily moves, a patient when he receives ideas. What doth the name to the thing? Man is in every thing a dependent being, as nature is throughout dependent, and he cannot be excepted from other beings.

The preacher in Samuel Clarke stifles the philosopher; he distinguishes the physical from the moral necessity. And what is a moral necessity? It appears probable to you that a queen of England, whose coronation ceremony is performed in a church, will not cast off her regal robes to throw herself quite naked upon the altar, though a similar adventure

ture is related of a queen of Congo. You call this a moral necessity in a queen of our climate; but it is at the bottom, a physical and eternal necessity, blended with the constitution of things. It is as certain this queen will not be guilty of such a folly, as that she will one day die. Moral necessity is but a phrase: all that is done is absolutely necessary. There is no medium between necessity and chance; and you know there is no chance: wherefore all that happens is necessary?

To embarrass the thing still more, it has been devised to distinguish again between necessity and constraint; but constraint, in fact, is nothing but necessity that is perceived, and necessity is a constraint, that is unperceived. Archimedes is equally necessitated to remain in his chamber when shut in, as when he is deeply engaged with a problem, and the
idea

idea of going out does not occur to him,

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentum trabunt.

The ignoramus who thinks in this manner, did not always think the same; but he is at length compelled to yield.

XIV. *Is every thing eternal?*

Subject to eternal laws like every sphere that replenishes space, as the elements, animals, and plants, I view with astonishment every thing that surrounds me; I search for my author, and the author of that immense machine, of which I am scarce a perceptible wheel.

I am not derived from nothing; for the substance of my father and mother, who bore me nine months in her womb, is something. It is evident to me that the sperm which produced me, could not
be

be produced from nothing; for how can nothing produce existence? I find myself subdued by this maxim of all antiquity, "Nothing arises from nought, " nothing can return to nought."

This axiom carries with it such dreadful power, that it bears down all my understanding, without my being able to contend with it. No philosopher has ever lost sight of it. No legislator whatsoever has contested it. The Cahut of the Phœnicians, the Chaos of the Greeks, the Tohu-bohu of the Chaldeans and the Hebrews, all evince that the eternity of matter has ever been believed. My reason perhaps deceived by so ancient and general an idea, tells me—matter must necessarily be eternal, because it exists: if it was in being yesterday, it was before.

I cannot perceive any probability of its having begun to be, any cause why it
had

had not been, any cause wherefore it received existence at one time more than at another. I therefore yield to this conviction, whether well or ill founded, and I list myself under the banner of the whole world, till such time as having made some progress in my researches, I discover a luminary superior to the judgment of all mankind, which compels me to retract against my will.

But if, according to the opinion of so many philosophers of antiquity, the eternal being has always acted, what becomes of the Cahut and Erebus of the Phœnicians, the Tohu-bohu of the Chaldeans, the Chaos of Hesiod? they will remain fables. Chaos is an impossibility in the eyes of reason; for it is impossible that intelligence being eternal, there should ever have been any thing contrary to the laws of that intelligence: now the Chaos is precisely contrary to all
the

the laws of nature. Enter into the most horrid caverns of the Alps, under those ruins of rocks, ice, sand, waters, unfashioned chriftals, and minerals, they all submit to gravitation. Chaos never existed any where but in our heads, and has only ferved to affift Hesiod and Ovid in the composing of some elegant verses.

If our Holy Scripture fays Chaos did exift, if it had adopted the To-hu-bohu, we doubtless believe it, and with the most ready faith. We are, in this place, fpeaking only of the deceitful lights of our reason. We have confined ourselves, as we have faid, to what we may fufpect by ourselves. We are children, who endeavour to go a few steps without leading-strings,

XV. *Intelligence.*

But in perceiving the order, prodigious skill, mechanical and geometrical laws, that reign in the universe, their causes, the innumerable ends of all things, I am seized with admiration and respect. I immediately judge, that if the works of man, even my own, compel me to acknowledge an intelligence within us, I should acknowledge one far more superior, actuating the multitude of so many works. I admit of this supreme intelligence, without fearing that I shall be obliged to change my opinion. Nothing staggers me with respect to this axiom, every work demonstrates a workman.

XVI. *Eternity.*

Is this intelligence eternal? Doubtless, for whether I admit or reject the
eter-

eternity of matter, I cannot reject the eternal existence of its supreme artizan; and it is evident that if it exists at present, it ever has existed.

XVII. *Incomprehensibility.*

I have as yet advanced only two or three steps in this vast career; I want to know if this divine intelligence is something absolutely distinct from the universe, nearly as the sculptor is distinguished from the statue; or whether this soul of the world is united to the world, and still penetrates it nearly in the same manner, as what I call my soul is united to me, and according to that of antiquity so well expressed in Virgil and Lucan:

Mens agitat molem & magno se corpore miscet.

Jupiter est quodcumque vides quocumque moveris.

I find myself suddenly interrupted in the prospect of my vain curiosity. Mi-

D ferable

ferable mortal, if I cannot fathom my own intelligence, if I cannot know by what I am animated, how can I have any acquaintance with that ineffable intelligence which visibly presides over matter entirely? There is one, as every thing demonstrates, but where is the compass that will direct me towards its secret and eternal abode?

XVIII. *Infinity.*

Is this intelligence infinite in power and immensity, as it is incontestably infinite in duration? I can know nothing of this by myself. It doth exist, wherefore it ever has existed, that is clear. But what idea can I have of an infinite power? How can I conceive an infinity actually existing? How can I suppose that the supreme intelligence is in the vacuum? An infinity of extent is not the same as an infinity of duration. An infinity of

4 duration

duration is elapsed, the instant that I am speaking of it; it is certain, that I can add nothing to past duration, but I can always add to that space which I conceive, in the same manner that I can add to the numbers that I conceive. Infinity in numbers and extent is beyond the sphere of my understanding. All that can be said can give me no insight into this abyss. I happily feel that my difficulties and my ignorance can be no way pernicious to morality; we may very well be incapable of perceiving neither immensity of space replenished, nor infinite power which has created every thing, and which may nevertheless be still able to perform; this will only serve to prove still more the weakness of our understanding; and this weakness will render us only still more submissive to that eternal Being, whose work we are.

XIX. *My Dependence.*

We are his work. This is an important truth for us to know; for to know philosophically at what time he made man, what he did before, if he exists materially, or in vacuum, if he is at one point, if he constantly acts or not, if he acts every where, if he acts without, or within himself; these are researches which strengthen the conviction of my profound ignorance.

I even see that there have been scarce a dozen men in Europe, who have written upon these abstracted things with any kind of method; and if I could suppose that they had spoken in an intelligible manner, what would be the consequence? We have already found (N° IV.)-that things which so few persons can flatter themselves with understanding, are useless to
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the rest of mankind. We certainly are the work of God, this is useful for me to know ; and the proof is also clear. All things in my body are causes and effects ; that is, spring, pulley, moving power, hydraulic machine, equilibrium of fluids, and chemical laboratory. It is therefore arranged by an intelligence, (N° XV.) I am indebted for this arrangement to the intelligence of my parents, for they certainly did not know what they did when they produced me : they were only the blind instruments of this eternal manufacturer, who animates the worm of the earth, and makes the sun turn upon its own axis.

XX. *Eternity again.*

Born from seed, produced by other seed, has there been a continual succession, an unfolding without end of these seeds, and has all nature ever existed by a necessary

succession from that Supreme Being, who existed of himself? If I were to believe only my feeble understanding, I should say, it seems to me, that nature has always been animated. I cannot conceive that the cause which continually and visibly actuates her, being at all times able to act, has not always acted. An eternity of idleness in the active and necessary being, appears to me incompatible. I am inclined to believe, that the world has ever issued from that primitive and necessary cause, as light emanates from the sun. By what a concatenation of ideas do I find myself led to believe the works of the eternal being eternal? My conception, pusillanimous as it is, has strength enough to rise to a being necessarily existing by himself; but has not the strength to conceive nought. The existence of a single atom proves to me the eternity of existence, but nothing proves to me a mere void. What! is that space filled that was once a vacuum?

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This appears absurd and contradictory. I cannot allow of this *nothing*, this *void*, unless revelation assists me in fixing my ideas, which carry me beyond time.

I am sensible that an infinite succession of beings without origin, is equally absurd: this is the opinion of Samuel Clarke: but he does not undertake to affirm that God has not held this chain from all eternity; he dare not say that it was impossible for a Being eternally active, so long to display his works. It is evident that he could, and if he could, who will be bold enough to tell me that he did not? I say, once more, that nothing but revelation can teach me the contrary. But we have not yet attained that revelation which destroys all philosophy, that light before which all other lights are eclipsed.

XXI. *My Dependence again.*

This eternal being, this universal cause, gives me my ideas; for I don't receive them from objects. Unshaped matter cannot communicate any thoughts to me; my thoughts do not come from myself, for they occur against my will, and frequently escape the same. We know very well there is no resemblance, no connection between objects, our ideas, and sensations. There was certainly something sublime in that Mallebranche, who dared to imagine that we see every thing in God himself. But was there not something sublime in the Stoics, who thought that God acted within us, and that we possess a ray of his substance. Where shall we find truth between the dreams of Mallebranche and the Stoics? I sink again (N° II.) into ignorance, which is the appendage of our nature,

nature, and I adore that God by whom I think, without knowing how I think.

XXII. *A fresh Doubt.*

Convinced by my small share of reason, that there is a necessary eternal Being, from whom I receive my ideas, without being able to divine, how or wherefore, I ask what is this being? If it hath the form of those intelligent and active species superior to ours in other globes? I have already said I knew nothing of the matter. (N^o I.) Nevertheless, I cannot affirm it to be impossible; for I perceive planets very superior to ours in extent, surrounded with more satellites than the earth. It is not improbable that they may be peopled with intelligences far superior to me, with bodies more robust, more active and more durable. But their existence having no connection with mine, I shall leave it to the poets of antiquity, to make Venus descend

scend from her imaginary third heaven, and Mars from the fifth ; my enquiries should be confined to the action of the Being necessarily presiding over myself.

XXIII. *A sole Supreme Artist.*

A great part of mankind observing the physical and moral evil diffused through this globe, imagined there were two powerful beings, one of which produced all the good, and the other all the evil. If they existed they were necessary ; they therefore necessarily existed in the same place ; there is no reason that what exists by its own nature should be excluded any place ; they therefore penetrated each other—this is absurd.—The idea of these two powerful enemies can derive its origin only from examples that strike us upon earth ; we there observe gentle and ferocious men, useful and obnoxious animals, good masters and tyrants.

rants. There were two opposite powers devised, who presided over nature; this is only an Asiatic romance. There is throughout nature a manifest unity of design; the laws of motion and gravity are invariable; it is impossible that two supreme artists, in opposition to each other, could have followed the same laws. This alone has, in my opinion, overturned the Manichean system, and voluminous writings are superfluous to explode it.

There is then a sole eternal Power, to whom every thing is united, on whom all depends; but whose nature is to me incomprehensible. St. Thomas tells us, "That God is a pure act, a form that
" has neither gender nor predicament,
" that he is nature and the agent, that
" he exists essentially, participatively,
" and noncupatively." When the Dominicans were masters of the inquisition, they would have burnt a man who would
have

have denied these fine things—I should not have denied them, but I should not have understood them.

I am told that God is simple; I acknowledge that I do not understand any more the value of this word. It is true, that I should not attribute to him gross parts that I could separate; but I cannot conceive that the principal and master of all that is in the extent, should not be in the extent. Simplicity, strictly speaking, appears to me to resemble too much a non-entity. The extreme weakness of my understanding has no instrument nice enough to lay hold of this simplicity. Shall I be told that the mathematical point is simple; but the mathematical point does not really exist.

It is again said that an idea is simple, but I do not understand this a whit better. I perceive a horse, I have the idea of it, but I saw in him only an assemblage

blage of things. I see a colour, I have the idea of colour ; but this colour is extent. I pronounce the abstracted names of colour in general ; of vice, virtue, truth, in general ; but the reason is, that I have had a knowledge of things coloured, of things that have appeared to me virtuous or vicious, true or false. I express all this by a word ; but I have no clear knowledge of simplicity. I know no more of it than I do of an infinity in numbers actually existing.

I am already convinced that not knowing what I am, I cannot know what is my author. I am every instant overwhelmed with my ignorance, and I console myself by incessantly reflecting that it is of no consequence to me to know, whether my master is or is not in the extent, provided I do nothing against that conscience he has given me. Of all the systems which men have invented upon the Divinity, which

which then is that I shall embrace? No one without it be that of adoring him.

XXIV. SPINOSA.

After being immersed with Thales in the water, of which his first principle consisted; after glowing before Empedocles's fire; after running in a strait line in the vacuum, with Epicurus's atoms; after having calculated numbers with Pythagoras, and heard his music; after having paid my respect to the Androgines of Plato, and having passed through all the regions of metaphysics and madness; I was at length desirous of being acquainted with the system of Spinoza.

He is not new; he has imitated some ancient Greek philosophers, and even some Jews; but Spinoza has done what no Greek philosopher, and much less a Jew, ever did. He has used an imposing geometrical

geometrical method to calculate the net produce of his ideas; let us see if he has not methodically wandered with the thread that conducts him.

He at first establishes a clear incontestable fact. There is something, consequently there has eternally existed a necessary Being. This principle is so true, that the profound Samuel Clarke has availed himself of it, to prove the existence of God.

This Being must be found in all places where there is existence; for who can limit it?

This necessary being is then every thing that exists: wherefore there is only one substance in the universe.

This substance cannot create another; for as it fills every thing, where can a
new

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new substance be placed, and how can something be created from nothing? How can extent be created without placing it in extent itself, which necessarily exists?

There are in the world thought and matter; that necessary substance which we call GOD is therefore thought and matter. All thought and all matter are then comprehended in the immensity of GOD; there can be nothing out of him; they can only act within him; he comprehends every thing, he is every thing.

Wherefore every thing we call different substances is, in fact, nothing but the universality of the different attributes of the Supreme Being, who thinks in the brain of man, enlightens in the light, moves upon the winds, darts in the lightning, revolves in the planets, and exists in all nature.

He

He is not like a vile king of the earth confined to his palace, separated from his subjects; he is intimately united with them; they are essential parts of himself; if he were distinguished from them, he would be no longer universal, he would not fill all spaces, he would be a side being like another.

Though all the variable modifications in the universe are the effect of his attributes, nevertheless, according to Spinoza, he hath no parts; for, says he, Infinity has none, properly speaking. In fine, Spinoza pronounces that we must love this necessary, infinite, eternal God. These are his words (p. 45 Edit. of 1731.)

“ With regard to the love of God,
 “ this idea is so far from weakening it,
 “ that I think no other is so fit to in-
 “ crease it, since it teaches me that God

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" is intimate with my being, that he gives
 " existence and all my properties, but
 " that he gives them me liberally, with-
 " out reproach, without interest, without
 " subjecting me to any thing but my own
 " nature. It banishes fear, uneasiness,
 " diffidence, and all the defects of a
 " mean and sordid love. It teaches me
 " that it is a good I cannot lose, and
 " which I the more advantageously pos-
 " sess, as I know and love it."

These ideas seduced many readers;
 there were even some, who having at
 first written against him, afterwards em-
 braced his opinion.

The learned Bayle is upbraided with
 having severely attacked Spinoza, without
 understanding him. Severely, I agree to;
 but I do not think unjustly. He easily
 discovered the weak side of this enchanted
 baffle: he saw that Spinoza, in fact, com-

posed his God of parts, though he found himself compelled to retract, terrified at his own system. Bayle saw his phrenzy in making God a star and a pumpkin, thought and smoke, beating and beaten. He saw that this fable is much beneath that of Proteus. Perhaps Bayle should have confined himself to the word modalities, and not parts, as Spinoza always makes use of the word modalities. But, if I am not mistaken, it is equally impertinent, whether the excrement of an animal is a modality or a part of the Supreme Being.

He did not indeed attack the reasons by which Spinoza maintains the impossibility of the creation; but the reason is, that the creation, properly speaking, is an object of faith, and not of philosophy: because this opinion is no way peculiar to Spinoza, and all antiquity have thought like him. He attacks only

the absurd idea of a simple God, composed of parts, of a God that eats and digests himself, who loves and hates the same thing at the same time, &c. Spinoza constantly makes use of the word God, and Bayle takes him according to his own expressions.

But at the bottom, Spinoza does not acknowledge any God; he has probably made use of this expression, he has said that we should serve and love God, only that he might not startle mankind. He appears to be an atheist, according to the full extent of the epithet; he is not such an atheist as Epicurus, who acknowledged useless and lazy gods; he is not like the greater part of the Greeks and Romans, who ridiculed the gods of the vulgar; he is such, because he acknowledges no providence whatever, because he admits only of eternity, immensity, and the necessity of things; like Stratonius,
like

like Diagoras ; he does not doubt like Pyrrho, he affirms, and what does he affirm ? That there is only a single substance, that there cannot be two, that this substance is extended and pendant, and this is what none of the Greek or Asiatic philosophers ever said, as they admitted of an universal soul.

He no where mentions in his book, specified designs, which are manifested in all beings. He does not examine whether eyes were made to see with, ears to hear, feet to walk, or wings to fly ; he neither considers the laws of motion in animals and plants, nor their structure adapted to those laws, any more than the depth of mathematics, which governs the course of the stars : he is afraid to perceive that every thing which exists attests a divine providence ; he does not rise from effects to their cause, but immediately

placing himself at the head of the origin of things, he builds his romance in the same manner as Descartes constructed his, upon a supposition. He supposes, with Descartes, a plenum, though it has been strictly demonstrated, that all motion is impossible in a plenum. This was his principal reason for looking upon the universe as one single substance. He was the dupe to his geometrical genius. How came it that Spinoza, who could not doubt that spirit and matter existed, did not at least examine whether providence had not arranged every thing? how came it that he did not give a single glance towards those springs, those means, each of which hath its design, and enquired whether they evinced a supreme artist? He must either have been a very ignorant physician, or a sophist swelled up with a very stupid kind of pride, not to acknowledge a providence every time he breathed and felt his heart beat; for
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this respiration and this motion of the heart are the effects of a machine so industriously complicated and arranged with such powerful art, depending upon so many springs, all concurring to the same end, that it is impossible to be imitated, and impossible for a man of good sense not to admire it.

The modern Spinofists reply, Do not terrify yourself at these consequences, which you impute to us; we find, as you do, a succession of admirable effects in the organized bodies, and in all nature. The eternal cause is in the eternal intelligence, which we admit, and which, with matter, constitutes the universality of things, which is God. There is but one single substance, which acts by the same modality of its thought upon the modality of matter, and which thus constitutes the universe, which forms but one whole inseparable thing.

To this reply we answer : How can you prove to us, that the thought which gives motion to the stars, which animates man, which doth every thing, can be a modality, and that the excrements of a toad and a worm should be a modality of the same sovereign Being ? Will you dare to say that so strange a principle is demonstrated to you ? Do you not cloak your ignorance beneath words that you do not understand ? Bayle has thoroughly unfolded the sophisms of your master in all the windings and all the obscurities of the stile of a pretended and really much confused geometrician, which is that of this master. I refer you to him ; philosophers should not except gainst Bayle,

Be this as it may, I shall observe of Spinoza, that he very honestly deceived himself. It seems to me, he did not suppress in his system those ideas which might
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be troublesome to him, only because he was too full of his own; he went on in his own road, without observing any thing that might interrupt him, and this is what very often happens to us. Moreover, he inverted all the principles of morality, though he was himself a rigid moralist; so particularly sober, that he scarce drank a pint of wine in a month; so disinterested as to transfer to the heirs of the unfortunate John de Wit a pension of two hundred florins, which this great man had granted him: so generous as to give away his fortune; ever patient in his illness, and in his poverty, ever consistent in his conduct.

Bayle, who has so ill treated him, had nearly the same character. Each of them fought after truth all their lives by different roads. Spinoza frames a specious system in some respects, and very erroneous

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in the foundation, Bayle has combated all systems: what became of their writings? They have prevented the idleness of some readers, and this is the full scope of all writing; and from Thales, down to the professors of our universities, and the most chimerical reasoners, as well as their plagiarists, no one philosopher has influenced the manner of the very street he lived in. What is the reason? Because men are led by custom, not by metaphysics.

XXV. *Absurdities.*

There are many voyages made in unknown countries productive of no advantage. I am in the situation of a man, who having wandered upon the ocean, and perceiving the Maldivian Islands with which the sea of India is interspersed, is desirous of visiting them all. My long voyage has been of no avail to me; let me see if I
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can reap any benefit by my observations upon these little islands, which seem only to interrupt the passage.

In a hundred courses of philosophy, such things are explained to me, of which no body can frame the least idea. By this I am taught to comprehend the Trinity physically; it says that it resembles three dimensions of matter. Go on, and so will I. That pretends to communicate to me transubstantiation by the touch, by shewing me according to the laws of motion, how an accident may exist without a subject, and how one single body may be in two places at the same time. I shut my ears, and retire with still greater precipitation.

Pascal, Blaise Pascal himself, the author of the Provincial Letters, utters these words; "Do you believe that it is impossible that God may be infinite and
" with-

“ without parts? I will then shew you
“ a thing indivisible and infinite; this is
“ a point moving every where with infinite
“ swiftnefs, for it is in every place,
“ and every where, quite entire.”

A mathematical point that moves of itself! just heaven! a point that exists no where but in the head of a geometrician, which is every where at the same time, of infinite swiftnefs, as if actual infinite swiftnefs could exist! Every word is phrenzy, and he was a great man that uttered these phrenzies!

Your soul, says another, is simple, incorporeal, intangible; and as no body can touch, I shall prove, according to the physics of Albert the Great, that it will be physically burnt, if you be not of my opinion: this is the way I prove it to you *à priori*, in strengthening Albert with the syllogisms of Abeli. I reply

ply to him, I do not understand his *priori*; that I think his compliment is very harsh; that revelation, which we have nothing to do with, can alone teach me a thing so incomprehensible; that I allow him to differ from me in opinion, without threatening him: and I get a good distance from him for fear of an accident, for he seems to me to be a dangerous man.

A multitude of sophists of all countries overwhelm me with unintelligible arguments upon the nature of things; upon my own, upon my past, present, and future state. If one talks to them of eating and cloathing, lodging, the necessities of life, money by which they are procured, they are perfectly conversant in these things; are there a few pistoles to be got, each of them is eager to obtain them, and they do not make a mistake of a farthing; but when the question

tion is concerning our being, they have not one clear idea about it. Common sense deserts them; from hence I return to my first conclusion (N^o IV.) that what cannot be of universal use, what is not within the reach of common men, what is not understood by those who have the most exercised their faculty of thinking, is not necessary to mankind.

XXVI. *Of the best of Worlds.*

In my various peregrinations in search of instruction, I met with some disciples of Plato. Come along with me, said one of them, you are in the best of worlds; we have far surpassed our master. There were in his time only five possible worlds, because there are but five regular bodies; but now there are an infinity of possible universes; God has chosen the best; come and you will be satisfied with it. I humbly replied, The
worlds

worlds which God might create, were either better, perfectly equal, or inferior. He could not chuse the worst. Those which were equal, supposing such to be, could have no preference; they were ever completely the same; there could have been no choice amongst them; to fix upon one or the other was just the same. It was therefore impossible that he could avoid chusing the best. But how could the others be possible, when it is impossible they can exist?

He made some very curious distinctions, incessantly assuring me, without knowing what he said, that this world is the best of all really possible worlds. But being just then tortured with the stone, which gave me most insupportable pain, the citizens of the best of worlds conducted me to the neighbouring hospital. In the way, two of these perfectly happy inhabitants were carried off by two creatures
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of their own likeness: they were loaded with irons, the one for debt, the other upon mere suspicion. I know not whether I was conducted into one of the best possible hospitals; but I was crowded amongst two or three thousand wretches like myself. Here were many defenders of their country, who informed me, that they had been trepanned and dissected alive; that they had had arms and legs cut off; and that many thousands of their generous fellow-countrymen had been massacred in one of the thirty battles fought in the last war, which is about the hundredth million war since we have been acquainted with wars. One might also meet in this house about a thousand persons of both sexes, who resembled hideous spectres, and who were rubbed with a certain metal, because they had followed the law of nature, and because nature had, I know not how, taken the precaution of poisoning in them the source of life. I thanked my two conductors. After

After a very sharp iron had been thrust into my bladder, and some stones were extracted from this quarry; when I was cured, and I had no farther complaints, than a few disagreeable pains for the rest of my days, I made my representations to my guides. I took the liberty of telling them there was some good in this world, as the surgeons had extracted four flints from the center of my torn intrails; but that I would much rather that bladders had been lanthorns than quarries. I spoke to them of the innumerable calamities and crimes that were dispersed over this excellent world. The boldest of the two, who was a German, and my countryman, told me, that all this was a mere trifle.

Heaven was peculiarly propitious to man, when Tarquin violated Lucretia, and she stabbed herself, because the tyrants were thereupon driven out, and rapes, suicides, and war laid the foundation

dation of a republic which conferred happiness upon those they vanquished. I had some difficulty in agreeing to this happiness, I did not immediately conceive the felicity of the Gauls and Spaniards, of whom it is said, Cæsar put three millions to the sword. Devastation and rapine appeared to me things somewhat disagreeable; but the defender of optimism did not quit his hold; he persevered in telling me, like Don Carlos's jailer, "Peace, peace, it is for your good." Having, however, at length, run him pretty hard, he said, that we should not consider this mere globule, where every thing is jarring; but that in the star Sirius, in Orion, the Ox's-Eye, and elsewhere, every thing is perfect. Let us, then, go thither, said I.

A little theologist then took me by the arm; he told me, in confidence, that those folks were very dreamers; that it was not in the least necessary that there
should

should be any evil upon earth; that it was expressly formed that there never should be any thing but good; and in order to prove this, you must know that things went on in this manner formerly for ten or twelve days. Alas! I replied to him, it is a great pity, reverend father, that things did not continue so.

XXVII. *Of Monads, &c.*

The same German then laid hold of me again; he tutored me, and clearly taught me the nature of my soul. Every thing in nature consists of monads: your soul is a monad; and as it is united with all the other, it necessarily has ideas of all that passes in them; these ideas are confused, which is very necessary: and your monad, as well as mine, is a concentrical mirror of this universe.

But believe not that you act in consequence of your thoughts. There is a pre-established harmony between the monad of your soul and all the monads of your body; so that when your soul hath an idea, your body has a motion, without the one being the result of the other. They are two pendulums that go together; or, if you will, the one resembles a man who preaches, whilst another makes gesticulations. You easily conceive that this must necessarily be so in the best of worlds; for——

XXVIII. *Of Plastic Forms.*

As I had no comprehension of these admirable ideas, an Englishman, named Cudworth, discovered my ignorance and my embarrassment by my fixt eye and downcast look. These ideas, he said, appear deep to you, because they are well sifted. I will give you a concise
 notion,

notion of the manner in which nature acts. First there is nature in general, then there are plastic natures, which form all animals and all plants—You understand me? Not a word, Sir.—Let us go on then.

A plastic nature is not a corporeal faculty, it is an immaterial substance, which acts without knowing what it does, being entirely blind and insensible to reason and vegetation; but the tulip has its plastic form, which makes it vegetate; the dog has its plastic form, which makes it pursue the chase, and man has his, which makes him reason. These forms are immediate agents of the divinity. There are no ministers in the world more faithful; for they yield every thing, and keep nothing for themselves. You see very well that these are the true principles of things, and that plastic natures are at least equal to pre-established harmony and mo-

nads, which are the concentrical mirrors of the universe. I acknowledged to him that the one was as good as the other.

XXIX. *Of Locke.*

After so many unfortunate excursions, fatigued, harrassed, ashamed of having sought after so many truths, and found so many chimeras, I returned to Locke, like the prodigal son who returned to his father ; I threw myself into the arms of a modest man, who never pretends to know what he is really ignorant of, who, in fact, is not possessed of immense riches, but whose security is always good, and who enjoys the most permanent wealth without ostentation. He confirms me in the opinion I always entertained, that nothing obtains a place in our understanding but through our senses :

That there are no innate ideas :

That

That we can neither have the ideas of infinite space nor infinite number :

That I do not always think, and consequently that thought is not the essence, but the action of my understanding :

That I am free when I can do what I please :

That this liberty does not consist in my will, since when I remain voluntarily in my chamber, the door of which is locked, without my having the key, I am not at liberty to go out ; as I suffer when I am not willing to suffer ; as I frequently cannot recal my ideas when I am disposed to recal them.

It is, therefore, in fact, absurd to say that the will is free, as it is absurd to say, I will such a thing ; for this is precisely as if one were to say, I desire to

desire it, I fear to fear it: in a word, the will is no more free than it is blue or square: (see Art. XIII.)

That I can only form a will in consequence of ideas received in my brain; that I am necessitated to determine in consequence of those ideas, as I should otherwise determine without reason, which would be an effect without a cause:

That I cannot have a positive idea of infinity, as I am very finite:

That I cannot know any substance, as I can have no idea but of their qualities, and that a thousand qualities of a thing cannot communicate the intimate nature of this thing, which may possess a hundred thousand other qualities that I am unacquainted with:

That

That I am no longer the same person after I have lost my memory; for not having the smallest part of my body which belonged to me in my infancy, and not having the least remembrance of the ideas that affected me at that age, it is clear that I am no longer that same child any more than I am Confucius or Zoroaster. I am reputed the same person by those who observed me grow, and who have always resided with me; but I have in no respect the same existence; I am no longer my former self; I am a new identity; and what singular consequences must hence arise!

That, in fine, agreeable to my profound ignorance, of which I am convinced, according to the principles of things, it is impossible that I can know what are the substances to which God deigns to grant the gifts of feeling and thinking. In fact, are there any substances the essence of which

which is to think, that always think, and which think by themselves? In this case these substances whatever they be, are gods; for they have no occasion for the eternal Being and Former, as they possess their essences without him, as they think without him.

Secondly, if the eternal Being has communicated the gifts of feeling and thinking to these beings, he has given them what did not essentially belong to them; he could therefore have given this faculty to all beings whatever.

Thirdly, we are unacquainted with the inward recesses of any being; wherefore it is impossible for us to know whether a being is susceptible or insusceptible of sensation and thought. The words matter and spirit are mere words; we have no complete idea of these two things; wherefore, in fact, it would be as bold to

say that a body organized by God himself cannot receive thought from God himself, as it would be ridiculous to urge that spirit could not think.

Fourthly, I imagine there are substances purely spiritual, which never had any idea of matter and motion, would it be thought proper for them to deny that matter and motion may exist?

I suppose that the learned congregation who condemned Galileo for impiety and absurdity, for having demonstrated the motion of the earth round the sun, had obtained some knowledge of the ideas of chancellor Bacon, who proposed to examine whether attraction be given to matter; I suppose that he who made the report of this great tribunal remonstrated to these great personages, that there were people mad enough in England to suspect that God could communicate
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to all matter from Saturn down to our little lump of mud, a tendency towards a center, attraction, gravitation, which would be absolutely independent of all impulse ; as impulse acts upon surfaces, and this gravitation actuates solids. Do you not find these judges of human reason, and of God himself, immediately dictate their sentences, anathematize this gravitation, which Newton has since demonstrated, pronounce it impossible for God to perform, and that gravitation towards a center is blasphemy? I am, methinks, guilty of the same temerity, when I dare aver that God cannot make any organized being whatever feel and think.

Fifthly, I cannot doubt that God has granted sensations of the memory, and consequently ideas to the organized matter in animals. Wherefore, then, should I deny that he may make the same present to other animals? It has already
been

been observed, that the difficulty consists less in knowing whether organized matter can think, than in knowing how any being whatever can think.

Thought is something divine ; yes, doubtless, and therefore I never shall know what a thinking being is. The principal motion is divine ; I shall never know the cause of this motion, the laws whereof all my members execute.

Aristotle's child being at nurse, attracted into his mouth the nipple which he sucked, forming with his tongue, which he drew in, a pneumatic machine, pumping the air, and causing a vacuum ; whilst his father, quite ignorant of this, said at random, that nature abhors a vacuum.

The child of Hippocrates, at four years of age, proved the circulation of the blood by passing his finger over his hand ; and Hippocrates did not know that the blood circulated.

We

We are all, great as we may be, like those children ; we perform admirable things, and there is not a single philosopher knows how they are operated.

Sixthly, these are reasons, or rather the doubts, produced by my intellectual faculty upon Locke's modest assertion. Once more, I do not say that it is matter which thinks within us ; I say with him, that it does not belong to us to pronounce that it should be impossible for God to make matter think ; that it is absurd to pronounce it ; and that it is not for worms of the earth to limit the power of the Supreme Being.

Seventhly, I add that this question is absolutely foreign to morality : because whether matter can, or cannot think, whoever thinks must be just ; because the atom to which God shall have given thought may be worthy or unworthy, be punished
or

or recompensed, and exist eternally, as well as the unknown being formerly called breath, and at present spirit, of which we have a less idea than even an atom.

I know very well that those who thought the being called breath could alone be susceptible of feeling and thinking, have persecuted those who have followed the sagacious Locke, and who have not dared to limit the power of God to animating only this breath. But when the whole universe believed that the soul was a light body, a breath, a substance of fire, would it have been just to persecute those who came to teach us that the soul is immaterial? All the fathers of the church who thought the soul an extended body, would they have done right to persecute the other fathers who communicated to man the idea of perfect immateriality? No, doubtless; because a persecutor is an abominable character. Wherefore those who allow

low of perfect immateriality, without comprehending it, should have tolerated those who rejected it, because they did not comprehend it. Those who have refused God the power of animating the unknown being called matter, should also have tolerated those, who have not dared to divest God of his power; for it is very scandalous to hate one another for syllogisms.

XXX. *What have I thus far learnt?*

I have then reckoned with Locke and with myself, and I find myself possessed of four or five truths, abstracted from a hundred errors, and loaded with an immense quantity of doubts. I said to myself afterwards, These few truths which I have acquired by my reason, will be but barren land in my hands, if I can find no principle of morality in it. It is very fit for such an insignificant animal as
man,

man, to raise himself up to the knowledge of the master of nature. But this will be of no more service to me than the science of algebra, if I do not derive from it some rule for the conduct of my life.

XXXI. *Is there any Morality?*

The more I have observed men differ by climate, manners, languages, laws, doctrine, and the measure of their understanding, the more I have observed they have the same fund of morality. They have all a barbarous notion of justice and injustice, without knowing a word of theology. They have all acquired this same notion at an age when reason begins to unfold itself; as they have naturally acquired the art of raising burdens with poles, and passing a rivulet upon a piece of wood, without having learnt the mathematics.

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If

It therefore appeared to me that this idea of justice and injustice was necessary for them, because they all agreed in this point, as soon as they could act and reason. The supreme intelligence which formed us has then been pleased that there should be justice upon earth, that we might live there for a certain time. It appears to me, that having neither instinct to nourish ourselves like animals, nor natural arms like them, and vegetating for several years in the imbecility of infancy, exposed to every danger, the few men that would have escaped from the jaws of ferocious animals, from famine and misery, would have been employed in wrangling for a little nourishment and a few skins of animals; and they would have been destroyed like the children of the dragon of Cadmus, as soon as they would have been able to have used any arms. At least, there would have been no society, if men had not conceived

conceived the idea of some justice, which is the tie of all society.

How would the Egyptians, who raised pyramids and obelisks, and the wandering Scythians, who were even unacquainted with a cabin, have had the same fundamental notions of justice and injustice, if God had not given to each of them, from the beginning of time, that reason which, in unfolding itself, made them perceive the same necessary principles, in the same manner as he gave them organs, which having attained the degree of their perfection, necessarily perpetuate, and, in the same manner, the race of the Scythian and the Egyptian? I perceive a barbarous, ignorant, superstitious herd, a bloody and a furious people, who had not even a term in their jargon to signify geometry and astronomy. This people hath, nevertheless, the same fundamental laws as the wise Chaldean, who was acquainted with the course of the

stars, and the Phenician, still more learned, who availed himself of the knowledge of the stars to go, and lay the foundation of colonies at the extremities of the hemisphere, where the ocean mingles with the Mediterranean. All these people aver, that they should respect their father and mother; that perjury, calumny, and homicide, are abominable crimes: they therefore derive the same consequences from the same principles of their unfolded reason.

XXXII. *Real Utility. The Notion of Justice.*

The notion of something just appears to me so natural, so universally received by all men, that it is independent of all law, of all compact, of all religion. Let me ask a Turk, a Guebrian, a Malabar, for the money I lent him, to eat and clothe himself, he will never think of making me a reply, Wait till I learn if Mahomet, Zoroaster, or Brama commands me to restore you your money.

He

He will acknowledge that it is just that he should pay me, and if he doth not perform it, either his poverty, or his avarice predominates over the justice which he acknowledges.

I assert it, as a fact, that there is no people who maintain, that it is either just, right, proper, or honest, to refuse nourishment to one's father or mother, when it is practicable to bestow it :

That no community have ever considered calumny as a good action, not even a sect of bigotted fanatics.

The idea of justice appears to me so much a truth of the first order, to which the whole universe has given its assent, that the greatest crimes which afflict society are all committed under the false pretence of justice. The greatest of all crimes, at least that which is the most

destructive, and consequently the most opposite to the design of nature, is war ; but there never was an aggressor, who did not gloss over his guilt with the pretext of justice.

The Roman depredators had all their invasions declared just, by priests named *Fecials*. Every free-booter, who finds himself at the head of an army, begins his fury by a manifesto, and implores the GOD of armies.

Petty thieves themselves, when united in a society, take care never to say, let us go and rob, let us go and despoil the widow and the orphan, of their scanty pittance ; they say let us be just, let us recover our fortune from the hands of the rich, who have deprived us of it. They have even a Dictionary among them, which has been printed since the sixteenth century, and in this Vocabulary, which they call *Argot*,
the

the words, theft, robbery, rapine, are not to be met with ; they make use of terms, which correspond with gaining, reimbursing, &c.

The word injustice is never uttered in a council of state, where the most unjust murder is proposed ; even the most bloody conspirators have never said, let us commit a crime. They have ever said, Avenge our country for the crimes of a tyrant ; let us punish what appears to us unjust. In a word, servile flatterers, barbarous ministers, odious conspirators, the most iniquitous robbers, all pay homage, against their will, to that virtue they trample upon.

I have always been astonished, that amongst the French, who are enlightened and polished, that such maxims have been suffered upon the stage, as are equally shocking as false, and which

are to be met with in the first scene of Pompey, and which are much more extravagant than those of Lucan, from whence they are copied :

*La justice et le droit sont des vaines idées,
Le droit des rois consiste à rien épargner :*

“ Justice and right are vain ideas, the right of kings consists in sparing nothing.”

And this abominable speech is put into the mouth of Phocian, minister to young Ptolemy. But it is precisely because he is a minister that he should say the contrary ; he should represent the death of Pompey as a necessary and just misfortune.

I believe, then, that the ideas just and unjust, are as clear and universal as the ideas of health and sickness, truth and falsehood, convenience and inconvenience. The limits of justice and injustice are very

ry difficult to fix; as the middling state between health and disease, between the convenience and the inconvenience of things, between falshood and truth, is difficult to specify. They are shades that are interwoven; but glaring colours strike every eye. For example, all men agree that we should restore what we have borrowed; but if I know that the person to whom I am indebted two millions will make use of it to enslave my country, should I put such fatal arms into his hands? Here are sentiments that are divided; but, in general, I should observe my oath, when no evil results from it: this is what nobody ever doubted.

XXXIII. *Is Universal Consent a Proof of Truth?*

It may be objected that the consent of men at all times, and in all countries, is not a proof of truth. All people believed
in

in the Magii, in sorcery, dæmons, apparitions, planetary influence, and a hundred other such like follies. Might it not be the same with respect to justice and injustice?

It appears to me not. First, it is false that all men believed these chimeras. They were, in fact, aliment to the vulgar's weakness: there is the great and little vulgar; but a multitude of sages constantly ridiculed them; these numerous wise men, on the contrary, always admitted of justice and injustice, as much and even more than the people.

The belief of forcerers, dæmons, &c. is far from being necessary to mankind; the belief of justice is absolutely necessary: wherefore it is an unfolding of that reason given by God; and the idea of forcerers, people possessed, &c. is, on the contrary, a perversion of this same reason.

XXXIV. A-

XXXIV. *Against Locke.*

Locke, who instructs and teaches me to mistrust myself, does he not sometimes impose upon himself like me? He wants to prove the falsity of innate ideas; but does he not add a very bad reason to several good ones? He acknowledges it is not just to boil one's neighbour in a cauldron, and eat him. He nevertheless says there have been nations of Antropophagi; and that these thinking beings would not have eaten men, if they had possessed the ideas of justice and injustice, which I suppose necessary for the preservation of the human species. (See N° XXXVI.)

Without entering into a disquisition, whether there were in fact any nations of Antropophagi, without examining the relations of the traveller Dampier, who traversed all America, and who never
saw

saw any, but who, on the contrary, was received amongst all the savages with the greatest humanity ; this is what I reply :

Conquerors have eaten their slaves taken in war ; they imagined they did a very just action ; they imagined they had a right over their life and death ; and as they had but few good meats for their table, they thought they were allowed to feed upon the fruit of their victory. They were in this more just than the Romans, who, without reaping any advantages, strangled the captive princes that were chained to their triumphal cars. The Romans and the savages had a very false idea of justice, I allow ; but however, they both thought they acted justly : and this is so true, that the same savages, when they had admitted their captives into their society, looked upon them as their children ;
and

and the same ancient Romans have given a thousand examples of admirable justice.

XXXV. *Against Locke.*

I agree with the sagacious Locke, that there is no innate idea, no innate principle of practice. This is such an incontrovertible truth, that it is evident that all children would have a clear notion of God, if they were born with this idea, and all men agreed in this same notion, an agreement that has never been known. It is no less evident that we are not born with unfolded principles of morality, as we do not see how a whole nation could reject a principle of morality, which would be engraven in the heart of every individual of that nation.

I suppose that we are all born with the moral principle well unfolded; that no person should be persecuted for his manner of thinking; how could whole communities

munities become persecutors? I suppose that every man carries within himself that evident law, whereby he is commanded to be faithful to his oath; how could all men, united in a body, have enacted that no promise should be kept with heretics? I repeat again, that instead of these chimerical innate ideas, God has given us reason, which is strengthened with age, and which teaches us all, when we are attentive without prejudice, that there is a God, and that we should be just; but I cannot grant Locke the consequences he draws from thence. He seems to approach too near Hobbes's system, though, in fact, he is very distant from it.

These are his words in his first book of the Essay upon the Human Understanding:

“ View but an army at the sacking of a
“ town, and see what observation, or sense
“ of moral principles, or what touch of
“ conscience for all outrages they do.”

No,

No, they have no remorse, and why? because they believe they act justly. No one amongst them imagines the cause of the prince for whom they are fighting to be unjust; they risk their life for their cause; they fulfil the bargain they made; they might have been killed in the assault, they therefore think they have a right to kill; they might have been plundered, they therefore think they may plunder. Add to this, that they are intoxicated with fury, which does not reason; and to convince you that they have not divested themselves of the idea of justice and honesty, propose to these same soldiers much more money than the plunder of the city, much handsomer girls than those they have ravished, upon condition only that instead of murdering in their rage three or four thousand enemies, who still make resistance, and who may kill them, they go and cut the throats of their king, his chancellor, his secretaries

of state, and his high almoner, you will not find a single soldier but what rejects your proposal with horror : and yet you propose only six murders, instead of four thousand, and you present them with a very valuable recompense. Why do they refuse you ? because they think it just to kill four thousand enemies ; and the murder of their sovereign, to whom they are engaged by oath, appears to them abominable.

Locke goes on, and to prove the better, that no rule of practice is innate, he speaks of the Mengrelians, who out of sport, says he, bury their children alive ; and of the Caribbees, who castrate theirs to fatten them, in order to eat them.

It has already been observed that this great man was too credulous in relating these fables : Lambert, who alone imputes to the Mengrelians the interment of their children alive through wantonness, is
not

not an author of sufficient credit to be quoted.

Chardin, who passes for a traveller of veracity, and who was ransomed in Mengrelia, would speak of this horrible custom if it existed; and his saying it would not be sufficient to give it credit: twenty travellers of different nations and religions should agree to confirm such a strange fact, in order to obtain an historical certainty of it.

It is the same with respect to the women of the Antilles islands, who castrated their children to eat them; this is not in the nature of a mother.

The human heart is not thus framed; to castrate children is a very delicate and dangerous operation, which so far from fattening them, renders them lean, at least for one whole year, and often kills
H them.

them. This refinement was never in use but amongst the great, who, perverted by the excesses of luxury and jealousy, have thought of having eunuchs to wait upon their wives and concubines. It was only adopted in Italy, and at the pope's chapel, in order to have musicians, whose voices are finer than those of women. But in the Antilles islands, it is scarce to be presumed that savages should invent the refinement of castrating little boys to make a good dish—and what did they afterwards with their little girls?

Locke again asserts, that the saints of the Mahometan religion devoutly copulate with their she-asses, that they may not be tempted to commit the least fornication with the women of the country. These stories should be placed with that of the parrot, who kept up such a fine conversation with prince Maurice in the Brazil language, that Locke is simple enough to relate it,

it, without considering that the prince's interpreter might make a joke of him. In this manner the author of the Spirit of Laws amuses himself in quoting the imaginary laws of Tonquin, Bantam, Borneo, and Formosa, upon the faith of some travellers, or liars, or persons ill instructed. Locke and he are two great men, in whom this simplicity appears to me inexcusable.

XXXVI. *Nature every where the same.*

In giving up Locke in this point, I say with the great Newton, *Natura est semper sibi consona*, Nature every where resembles herself. The law of gravitation, which acts upon a star, acts upon all stars, upon all matter. Thus the fundamental law of morality equally acts upon all well-known nations. There are a thousand differences in the interpretation of this law in a thousand circumstances; but the basis ever subsists the same,

same, and this basis is the idea of justice and injustice. Innumerable acts of injustice are committed in the fury of passion, as reason is lost in drunkenness; but when the intoxication is over, reason returns; and this, in my opinion, is the only cause of human society subsisting; a cause subordinate to the wants of each other's assistance.

How then have we acquired the idea of justice? As we acquired that of prudence, of truth, of convenience, by sentiment and reason. It is impossible for us to avoid thinking it a very imprudent action for a man to throw himself into the fire, in order to be admired, and who should hope afterwards to escape. It is impossible for us to avoid thinking a man very unjust for killing another in his passion. Society is founded entirely upon these notions, which can never be torn from the heart,
and

and it is for this reason that all society subsists, whatever extravagant and horrible superstition it may be subject to.

At what age are we acquainted with what is just and unjust? At the age when we know two and two make four.

XXXVII. *Of Hobbes.*

Thou profound and extravagant philosopher, thou good citizen, thou enemy of Descartes, who deceivedst thyself like him, thou whose physical errors are great but pardonable, because thou camest before Newton, thou who hast told truths that do not compensate thy mistakes, thou who didst first display the chimeras of innate ideas, thou who wert the forerunner of Locke in many things, as well as of Spinoza, in vain dost thou astonish thy readers by almost succeeding to prove to them that there are no laws

in the world, but the laws of conventions; that there is no justice or injustice but what has been agreed upon as such in a country. If thou hadst been alone with Cromwell in a desert island, and Cromwell would have killed thee for having been a partizan of thy king in the island of England, would not such an attempt appear to thee as unjust in thy new island as in thine own country?

Thou sayest in thy Law of Nature,
 "That every one having a right to all
 "things, each has a right over the life
 "of his own likenesses." Dost thou not
 confound power with right? Dost thou
 think that, in fact, power conveys right?
 and that a robust son has nothing to re-
 proach himself with for having assassi-
 nated his languishing decrepid father?
 Whoever studies morality should begin
 by refuting thy book in his heart; but
 thine

thine own heart refuted it still more ;
for thou wert virtuous as well as Spinoza ; and thou wert only wanting, like him, in teaching the principles of virtue which thou didst practise and recommend to others.

XXXVIII. *Universal Morality.*

Morality appears to me so universal, so calculated by the universal Being that formed us, so destined to serve as a counterpoise to our fatal passions, and to solace the inevitable troubles of this short life, that from Zoroaster, down to lord Shaftsbury, I find all philosophers teaching the same morality, though they have all different ideas upon the principles of things. We find, that Hobbes, Spinoza, and Bayle himself, who either denied the first principles, or at least doubted of them, have, nevertheless, strongly recommended justice, and all the virtues.

Every nation had peculiar religious rites and very often absurd and revolting opinions in metaphysics and theology. But is the point in question to know whether we should be just? The whole universe agrees, as we said in N° XXXVI. and which cannot be too often repeated.

XXXIX. *Of Zoroaster.*

I shall not examine at what time Zoroaster lived, whom the Persians allowed to have existed nine thousand years before them, as well as Plato and the ancient Athenians. I find only that his moral precepts have been preserved till our times; they are translated from the ancient language of the Magi, into the vulgar language of the Guebrians; and it evidently appears by the puerile allegories, the ridiculous observations, the fantastic ideas with which this collection is stuffed, that the religion of Zoroaster
is

is of the highest antiquity. There we meet with the word Garden to express the recompence of the just; we there meet with the evil principle under the word Satan, which the Jews also adopted. We there find the world formed in six times, or seasons. It is there commanded to recite an *abunavar* and an *ashim vubu*, for those who sneeze.

But, in fine, in this collection of a hundred subjects or precepts taken from the book of Zend, and where the very words of the ancient Zoroaster are repeated, what moral duties are prescribed?

That of loving and succouring one's father and mother, that of giving alms to the poor, that of never breaking one's word, that of abstaining when doubtful whether the action to be performed is just or not (Subject XXX.)

I shall

I shall confine myself to this precept, because no legislator could ever go beyond it; and I am confirmed in the opinion, that the more Zoroaster established ridiculous superstitions in matters of doctrine, the purity of his morals the more displays that he was not disposed to corrupt; that the more he gave way to errors in his dogmas, the more it was impossible for him to err in teaching virtue.

XL. *Of the Brachmans.*

It is probable that the Bramins, or Brachmans, existed long before the Chinese had their five kings; and what gives rise to this great probability, is that at China the antiquities most sought after are Indian, and that in India there are no Chinese antiquities.

Those ancient Bramins were doubtless as bad metaphysicians, and ridiculous theologists,

logists, as the Chaldeans and Persians, and all the nations that are to the east of China. But what a sublime morality! According to them, life was only a death of some years, after which they were to live with the divinity. They did not confine themselves to being just towards others; but they were rigorous towards themselves: silence, abstinence, contemplation, the renouncing of all pleasures, were their principal duties. Likewise all the sages of other nations, were to learn what was called Wisdom.

XLI. *Of Confucius.*

The Chinese could not reproach themselves with any superstition, any quackery, like other nations. The Chinese government displayed to men upwards of four thousand years ago, and still displays to them, that they may be ruled without being cheated; that the God of truth

is not served by falshood ; that superstition is not only useless, but destructive to religion. Never was the adoration of God so pure and holy as at China (about the time of the Revelation) I do not speak of the sects of the people, I speak of the religion of the prince, of that of the tribunals, and all above the populace. What has been the religion of all men of sense at China for many ages ? This was it : " Adore heaven, and be just." No emperor ever had any other.

The great Confutse, whom we call Confucius, is often placed among the ancient legislators, amongst the founders of religion ; but this is a great mistake. Confucius is a very modern ; he lived only six hundred and fifty years before our æra. He never instituted any doctrine, any rite ; he neither called himself inspired, or a prophet ; he only united in one body the ancient laws of morality.

He

He invites men to forgive injuries, and to remember nothing but good deeds :

To incessantly watch over himself, and to correct to-day the faults of yesterday :

To suppress his passions, and to cultivate friendship ; to give without ostentation, and not to receive but in extreme necessity, without meanness.

He does not say that we should not do unto others, what we would not they should do unto us ; this is only forbidding evil : he does more, he recommends good ; " Treat others as thou wouldst thyself be treated."

He does not only teach modesty, but even humility ; he recommends all the virtues.

*XLII. Of the Grecian philosophers, and
first of Pythagoras.*

All the Greek philosophers have talked nonsense in physics and metaphysics. They are all excellent in morality; they are all equal to Zoroaster, Confucius, and the Bramins. Read only the golden verses of Pythagoras: they are the essence of his doctrine; it is immaterial from what hand they come. Tell me only if a single virtue is omitted.

XLIII. Of Zaleucus.

Unite the common-place arguments of all the Greek, Italian, Spanish, German, French, and other preachers; extract the essence of all their declamations, and see whether it will be purer than the exordium of the laws of Zaleucus?

“ Gain

“ Gain the dominion over your own
 “ soul, purify it, drive away all criminal
 “ thoughts ; believe that God cannot be
 “ well served by the perverse ; believe
 “ that he does not resemble those weak
 “ mortals who are seduced by praises
 “ and presents.—Virtue alone can please
 “ him.”

This is the substance of all morality
 and all religion.

XLIV. *Of Epicurus.*

College pedants and seminary fops have
 believed, from some pleasant strokes of
 Horace and Petronius, that Epicurus
 had taught voluptuousness by precept and
 example. Epicurus was, all his life, a
 wise, temperate, and just philosopher.
 He testified his wisdom at twelve or thir-
 teen years of age ; for when the gram-
 marian who instructed him, recited this
 verse of Hesiod,

“ Chaos

Chaos was produced the first of all beings.

Aye, said Epicurus, who produced it, since it was the first? I cannot tell, said the grammarian; none but philosophers know. I will then apply to them for instruction, said the child; and from that time, till the age of seventy-two, he cultivated philosophy. His will, which Diogenes of Laertes has preserved to us entire, displays a tranquil and just soul; he gave such slaves liberty as he thought deserved this favour; he recommends to his testamentary executors to give those their liberty who are worthy of it. Here is no ostentation, no unjust preference; it is the last will of a man, who never had any, but what was reasonable. Singular from all philosophers, all his disciples were his friends, and his sect was the only one which taught to love, and which did not divide itself into various others.

It

It appears after having examined his doctrine, and what has been written for and against him, that it is all confined to the dispute between Mallebranche and Arnaud. Mallebranche acknowledged that pleasure made us happy, Arnaud denied it. This was an altercation upon words, like many other disputes wherein philosophy and theology assist, each on their part, with their uncertainties.

XLV. *Of the Stoics.*

If the Epicureans rendered human nature amiable, the Stoics rendered it almost divine. Resignation to the Being of beings, or rather the elevation of the soul to that being; contempt of life, and even death; inflexibility in justice; such was the character of the real Stoics; and what could be said against them is, that they discouraged the rest of men.

I

Socrates,

Socrates, who was not of their sect, demonstrated that virtue could not be carried to such a height, without being of some party; and the death of this martyr to divinity is an eternal opprobrium to Athens, though she afterwards repented of it.

The Stoic Cato is, on the other hand, the eternal honour of Rome. Epictetus in slavery is, perhaps, superior to Cato, inasmuch as he is always contented with his misery. I am, said he, in that place which providence designed me; therefore to complain is offending him.

Shall I say that the emperor Antoninus is still superior to Epictetus, because he triumphed over more seductions, and it was much more difficult for an emperor to avoid corruption, than it was for a poor fellow not to murmur? Read the thoughts of both, the emperor and

the slave will appear to you equally great.

Dare I mention here the emperor Julian? He erred, with respect to his dogmas, but certainly not with respect to morality. In a word, there was no philosopher of antiquity that was not desirous of making men better.

There have been people amongst us, who have said, that all the virtues of their great men were nothing but illustrious sins. Can this earth be covered with such criminals?

XLVI. *Philosophy is Virtue.*

There were sophists, who were with respect to philosophers what men are to monks. Lucian ridiculed them, they were despised. They nearly resembled mendicant monks in universities. But let

us never forget that philosophers have set great examples of virtue; and that the sophists, and even the monks, have all respected their virtue in their writings.

XLVII. *Of Æsop.*

I shall place Æsop amongst these great men, and even at the head of these great men. Whether he was the Pilpay of the Indians, the ancient forerunner of Pilpay, or the Lokman of the Persians, or the Akkim of the Arabians, or the Hacam of the Phenicians, it matters not; I find that his fables were in vogue amongst all the eastern nations, and that his origin is lost in such a depth of antiquity, that the abyss cannot be fathomed. What is the tendency of these fables, equally deep, and ingenious; these apologues, which seem to be visibly written at a time, when it was not questioned whether beasts had a language? They have instructed almost our whole

whole hemisphere. They are not collections of pompous sentences, which are more tedious than instructive; they are truth itself, in the attractive garb of fable. All that could be added was only embellishment in modern languages. This ancient wisdom is simple and naked in the primitive author. The natural graces with which they have been ornamented in France, have not concealed their original elegance. What is the great lesson of these fables? To be just.

XLVIII. *Of Peace, the Offspring of Philosophy.*

As all philosophers had different dogmas, it is evident that dogma and virtue are entirely heterogeneous. Whether they believed or not that Thetis was the goddess of the Sea, whether or no they were convinced of the war of the giants, and the golden age; of Pandora's-box,

and the death of the serpent Pytho, &c. these doctrines were no way connected with morality. It is an admirable thing in antiquity that theogeny never disturbed the peace of nations.

XLIX. *Questions.*

Oh! if we could imitate! if we could at length do, with respect to theological disputes, what we have at length done at the end of one thousand seven hundred years with respect to the *Belles Lettres*!

We are returned to the pure taste of antiquity, after being immersed in the barbarisms of our schools. The Romans were never so absurd as to imagine a man could be persecuted because he believed in a vacuum or a plenum; because he thought that accidents could not subsist without a subject; because he explained the sense of an author in a different manner from another.

We

We recur every day to the Roman jurisprudence, and when we are in want of laws (which often happens) we consult the Code and the Pandects. Why do we not imitate our masters in their wise toleration?

Of what importance is it to the state whether our opinions agree with the Reals or the Nominals; whether we join with Scotus or Thomas for Oecolampade or for Melancton; whether we are of the party of a bishop of Ypres, we have not read, or a Spanish monk, whom we have still less perused? is it not evident that all this should be as indifferent to the true state of a nation, as a good or bad translation of a passage of Lycrophon or Hesiod?

L. Other Questions.

I know that men have sometimes disorders in their brain. We have seen a musician die mad, because his music did not appear good enough. Some folks have imagined their noses made of glass; but if any were so violently afflicted as to fancy, for instance, that they were always in the right, would there be helibore enough for such a strange disorder?

And if these patients, in order to maintain that they were always in the right, should threaten any who thought them in the wrong with immediate death; if they appointed spies to discover those who were refractory; if they condemned a father upon the testimony of his son, a mother upon that of her daughter, to perish in flames &c. should not these people

ple be tied down, and treated like bedlamites?

LI. *Ignorance.*

You ask me what avails all this moralizing, if a man be not free? I immediately reply, I did not tell you man was not free; I told you that his liberty consisted in his power to act, and not in the chimerical power of willing to will. I shall now tell you, that every thing being connected in nature, eternal providence predestined me to pen these reveries, and predestined five or six readers to profit by them, and five or six others to condemn them, and throw them aside amongst that immense multitude of useless writings.

If you tell me that I have taught you nothing, remember that I set out by informing you that I was ignorant.

LII. *Other*

LII. *Other Kinds of Ignorance.*

I am so ignorant as to be unacquainted with those ancient facts with which children are rocked to sleep ; I am constantly afraid of deceiving myself in about seven or eight hundred years, more or less, when I enquire at what time those ancient heroes lived, who are said to have first practised robbery and free-booting through a great extent of country, and those first sages, who adored stars, fishes, serpents, dead carcases, or fantastic beings.

Who was he that first invented the six Gahambers, the bridge of Tshinavar, Dardaroth, and the lake of Charon ? At what period did the first Bacchus, the first Hercules, and the first Orpheus exist ?

All

All antiquity is so obscure till the time of Thucydides and Xenophon, that I am almost debarred from knowing a word of what passed upon the globe which I inhabit before the short space of about thirty centuries ; and in these thirty centuries, how many obscurities, how many uncertainties, how many fables !

LIII. *Greater Ignorance.*

My ignorance is of far greater weight with me, when I see that neither I, nor any of my fellow countrymen, absolutely know any thing about our country. My mother has told me that I was born upon the banks of the Rhine. I am willing to believe it. I asked my friend the learned Apedcutes, a native of Courland, if he had any knowledge of the ancient people of the North, his neighbours, and of his unfortunate little country ? He told me

me he had no more notion concerning them than the fish of the Baltic sea.

As to me, all I know about my country is what Cæsar said, about one thousand eight hundred years ago, that we were free-booters, who were accustomed to sacrifice men to I know not what Gods, to obtain from them good prey ; and that we never went to hunt, without being accompanied by some old witches, who made these fine sacrifices.

Tacitus, a century after, said a few words about us, without having ever seen us. He considers us as the honestest people in the world, in comparison of the Romans ; for he avers that as we had no body to rob, we passed nights and days in getting drunk with bad beer in our cabins.

From

From this time of our golden age there is an immense void till the time of Charlemain. When I have got to these known times, I find in Golstad a charter of Charlemain, dated at Aix la Chapelle, wherein this learned emperor thus expresses himself :

“ You know that hunting one day
“ near this city, I found the hot baths,
“ and the palace which Granus, brother
“ to Nero, and Agrippa, had formerly
“ built.”

This Granus and this Agrippa, brothers to Nero, shew me that Charlemain was as ignorant as myself—this comforts me.

LIV. *Ridiculous Ignorance.*

The history of the church of my country resembles that of Granus, brother to Nero and Agrippa, and is still more marvel-

marvellous. They are little boys risen from the dead; dragons taken with a mole, like rabbits with a snare; hofts, which bleed at the stroke of a knife given them by a Jew; saints that run after their heads, when decapitated. One of the best authenticated legends, in our German Ecclesiastical History is that of the fortunate Peter of Luxemburg, who in the one thousand three hundred eighty-eight and eighty-ninth years after his death, operated two thousand four hundred miracles; and the years following, three thousand clearly enumerated: amongst which there are however but forty-two dead persons brought to life.

I am making enquiry whether the other states of Europe have ecclesiastical histories equally marvellous and authentic? I every where find the same wisdom and the same certainty.

LV. *Worfe*

LV. *Worse than Ignorance.*

I afterwards discovered the cause of these unintelligible follies for which men heaped imprecations upon each other, detested each other, persecuted each other, cut the throats of each other, hung, racked, and burnt each other; and I said if there was a single wise man in those abominable times, he must have lived and died in a desert.

LVI. *The*

LVI. *The dawn of reason.*

I find to-day, in this age, which is the aurora of reason, some heads of that Hydra fanaticism, again regenerating; it seems that their poison is less mortal, and their jaws less devouring. There has not been so much blood shed for versatile grace, as there was for a long time for plenary indulgences, which were sold at market; but the monster still subsists. Whoever seeks after truth will run the risk of being persecuted. Must we remain idle in darkness? or must we light a flambeau, at which envy and calumny will rekindle their torches? For my part, I think that truth should no more be hidden before these monsters, than we should abstain from taking nourishment, lest we should be poisoned.

A short

A short Digression.

IN the beginning of the foundation of the hospital of the *Quinze Vingt*, we know that they were all equal, and that their little transactions were decided by the majority of votes. They distinguished perfectly well by the feel brads from silver coin; none of them ever took the money of Brie for that of Burgundy. Their smell was more refined than that of their neighbours who possessed two eyes. They reasoned perfectly well upon the four senses, that is to say, they knew every thing that is allowed to be known, and they lived peaceably and fortunately as much as blind people could do. Unhappily one of their professors pretended to have clear ideas with regard to sight; he made himself heard, he intrigued, he formed enthusiasts, and at length he was acknowledged for the chief of the community.

K

munity. He set up for a sovereign judge of colours, and all was lost.

This first dictator of the *Quinze Vingt* formed at first a little council, with whose assistance he made himself master of all the alms. By this means nobody dared oppose him. He decided that all the inhabitants of the *Quinze Vingt* were white: the blind believed him; they spoke of nothing but their fine white cloaths, though there was not a single vestment of that colour. All the world laughed at them; they went and complained to the dictator, who gave them a very ill reception; he treated them as innovators, free-thinkers, rebels, who had let themselves be seduced by the erroneous opinions of those who had eyes, and who dared to doubt of the infallibility of their master. This quarrel produced two parties.

The dictator, to appease them, issued an arret, according to which all their cloaths were red. There was not a single garment in the *Quinze Vingt* that was of that colour. Fresh complaints arose among the community. The dictator entered in a rage, the other blind were equally irritated; a battle ensued, which lasted a long while, and peace was not restored till such time as all the members of the *Quinze-Vingt* were allowed their own judgments with respect to the colour of their dress.

A deaf man, reading this short history, acknowledged that these blind people were wrong in judging of colours; but he continued firmly of opinion that deaf people only were the proper judges of music.

An Indian Adventure, translated by the Ignoramus.

PYthagoras, during his residence in India, learnt as all the world knows, at the school of the Gymnosophists, the language of beasts and that of plants. Walking one day in a field near the sea-shore, he heard these words: How unhappy am I to be born an herb! scarce have I attained two inches in height before a devouring monster, a horrid animal, tramples me under his feet; his jaw is armed with a row of sharp scythes, with which he cuts me, tears me, and then swallows me. Man calls this monster a sheep. I do not think there is in the whole creation a more abominable creature.

Pythagoras advanced a few steps; he met with an oyster that was yawning upon a small rock. He had not yet embraced that
admi-

admirable law by which we are forbidden to eat our own likeness. He was going to swallow the oyster, when it uttered these soothing words, O nature, how happy is the herb, which is like thy work! when it is cut it regenerates and is immortal; and we poor oysters, in vain are we defended by a double buckler; villains eat us by dozens at their breakfast, and it is over with us for ever. What a dreadful destiny is that of an oyster, and how barbarous is man!

Pythagoras shuddered; he felt the enormity of the crime he was going to commit; he weeping asked pardon of the oyster, and replaced him very snug upon the rock.

Whilst he was returning to the city, in a profound meditation at this adventure, he observed some spiders that were eating flies, swallows that were eating spiders,

sparrow-hawks that were eating swallows. None of these folks, said he, are philosophers.

Pythagoras upon his entrance was hurtled, bruised, and thrown down, by a multitude of beggars and bunters, who ran in crying Well done, he deserved it. Who? what? said Pythagoras, getting up; whilst the people continued running and crying, We shall have high fun in seeing them broil.

Pythagoras imagined they were speaking of lentiles, or some other kind of vegetable—but he was quite mistaken—they meant two poor Indians. Oh! said Pythagoras, these are doubtless two great philosophers, who are tired of their lives; they are desirous of regenerating under another form; there is a pleasure in changing the place of one's abode, though one
may

may be badly lodged—there is no disputing taste.

He went on with the mob as far as the public square, where he saw the great pile of wood lighted, and opposite to it a bench, which was called a tribunal; upon this bench judges were seated, each of whom held a cow's tail in his hand, and they had caps upon their heads, which greatly resembled the two ears of that animal which formerly carried Silenus, when he came into the country with Bacchus, after having crossed the Erytrean sea dry-footed, and stopped the course of the sun and moon, as it is very faithfully related in the Orphics.

There was amongst these judges an honest man well known to Pythagoras. The sage of India explained to the sage of Samos the nature of the festival the Indian people were going to assist at.

The two Indians, said he, are not at all desirous of being burnt; my grave brethren have condemned them to that punishment, one for having said that the substance of *Xaca* is not the substance of *Brama*; and the other for having suspected that we please the Supreme Being by virtue, without holding, at the point of death, a cow by the tail; because, said he, we may be virtuous at all times, and because one cannot always meet with a cow just as one may have occasion for her. The good women of the city were so terrified with two such heretical propositions, that they would not leave the judges in peace, till such time as they ordered the execution of these two unfortunate men.

Pythagoras judged that from the herb up to man there were many causes of uneasiness. He, however, made the judges and even the devotees listen to reason, which never happened but at that one time.

He

He afterwards went and preached toleration at Crotona; but one of his adversaries set fire to his house; he was burnt—the man who had saved two Indians from the flames.—Let those escape who can.

A short

*A short Commentary of the Ignoramus, upon
the Elogium of the Dauphin of France,
composed by Mr. Thomas.*

I Have just read in the eloquent discourse of Mr. Thomas the following remarkable words :

“ The Dauphin read with pleasure
“ those books where tender humanity depicted all men, and even those who err
“ like a brotherhood. Would he then
“ himself have been either a persecutor,
“ or cruel? would he have adopted the
“ ferocity of those who reckon mistakes
“ amongst crimes, and will torture to instruct? Ah! said he, more than once,
“ Let us not persecute.”

These words penetrated my heart; I cried out, What wretch dare be a persecutor, when the heir to an illustrious crown
has

has declared none should be so? This prince knew that persecution never produces any thing but evil; he had read a great deal: philosophy had reached him. The greatest happiness that can befall a monarchic state, is that the prince should be enlightened. Henry IV. was not so by books; for except Montagne, who establishes nothing, and teaches only to doubt, there were at that time nothing but miserable books of controversy unworthy the perusal of a king. But Henry IV. was instructed by adversity, by the experience of a private and a public life; in a word, by his own genius. Having been persecuted he was no persecutor. He was a greater philosopher than he thought for, in the midst of the clash of arms, the factions of the kingdom, the intrigues of the court, and the rage of two opposite sects. Lewis XIII. read nothing, knew nothing, and saw nothing—he allowed of persecution.

Lewis

Lewis XIV. had great good sense, a thirst of glory which animated him to goodness, a just discernment, a noble heart; but unfortunately cardinal Mazarine did not cultivate so fine a character. He deserved instruction, but was ignorant; his confessors, at length, subdued him; he persecuted; he acted evil. What! the Sacis, the Arnauds, and so many other great men, imprisoned, exiled, banished! And for what? Because they did not think like two Jesuits of the court: and at length his kingdom in flames for a bull! It must be acknowledged, fanaticism and knavery acquired the bull, ignorance received it, and obstinacy opposed it. Nothing of this would have happened under a prince capable of estimating the value of efficacious indulgence, sufficient favour, and even versatile allowance.

I am not surprised that formerly the cardinal de Lorraine should persecute ill advised people, who wanted to bring things
back

back to the primitive institution of the church ; the cardinal would have lost seven bishopricks, and many considerable abbeys, which he possessed. This is a very good reason for persecuting those who are not of our opinion. No people surely are more deserving of excommunication, than those who want to take away our estates. This is the only cause of war amongst men ; every one defends his property as far as he is able.

But, that in the midst of peace intestine wars should arise about idle incomprehensible stories, purely metaphysical ; that under the reign of Lewis XIII. in the year one thousand six hundred and twenty-four, it should be forbid under the penalty of being sent to the galleys, to think otherwise than like Aristotle ; that the innate ideas of Descartes should be anathematized, to admit them afterwards ; that more than one question worthy of Rabelais,

belais, should be made a question of state, is barbarous and absurd.

It has often been asked, why from the time of Romulus, till such time as the popes became powerful, the Romans never persecuted a single philosopher for his opinions. No other answer can be given than that the Romans were wise.

Cicero was very powerful. He says in one of his letters, "Suto, when would you chuse that I should make a partition of Gaul?" He was much attached to the sect of Academics; but we do not find that it ever entered his head to exile a Stoic, to exclude an Epicurean from office, or to molest a Pythagorean.

And thou ill fated Jurieu, a fugitive from thine own village, thou wouldest oppress the fugitive Bayle, in his asylum and thine own; thou didst let Spinoza,
of

of whom thou wast not jealous, rest in peace; thou wouldest overwhelm the respectable Bayle, who exploded thy trifling refutation by lustre of his fame.

The successor and heir to thirty kings has said, Let us not persecute; and the burgher of an unknown city, the inhabitant of a parish, a monk, shall say, Let us persecute.

To ravish from man the liberty of thought! just heaven! Fanatic tyrants! begin then by cutting off our hands, that we may not write, tear out our tongues that speak against thee, pluck out our soul, whose sentiments of you are truly horrible.

There are countries in which superstition, equally vile and barbarous, brutalizes the human species; there are others, in which the mind of man enjoys all its privileges.

veleges. Between these two extremities, the one celestial, and the other infernal, there is a people in a middling state, with whom philosophy is at one time cherished, and at another proscribed; amongst whom Rabelais has been at one time printed according to authority, but who let the great Arnaud perish for want, in a foreign village; a people who have lived in the darkest clouds from the time of the Druids, till such time as some rays of brightness fell upon them from the head of Descartes. From them the light expanded itself from England. But will it be believed that Locke was scarce known to this people about thirty years ago? Will it be believed, that when they were made acquainted with the wisdom of this great man, ignoramus's in office violently oppressed the man, who first brought these truths from the island of philosophers into the country of frivolity?

If

If those were persecuted who enlightened souls, the rage also extended itself to those who saved bodies. It is in vain demonstrated that inoculation may preserve the lives of twenty-five thousand persons yearly in a great kingdom; the enemies of human nature have not failed treating its benefactors as public poisoners. If they had been unluckily listened to, what would have been the consequence? the neighbouring people would have concluded that the nation was equally divested of reason and courage.

Persecutions are, happily, only casual, only personal; they depend upon the caprice of three or four persons possessed with the devil, who perceive what no others would ever see, if their understanding was not corrupted; they cabal, they combine, an outcry is made, the people are afterwards surprised at the outcry, and then all is forgot.

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A man

A man is bold enough to say, not only after all physicians, but even after all other men, that if providence had not given us hands, there would have been no artists, nor arts on earth. A vinegar-maker, turned school-master, pronounces this proposition to be impious; he pretends that the author attributes every thing to our hands, and nothing to our minds. A monkey would not dare set forth such an accusation in the country of monkies; this accusation however succeeds amongst men. The author is furiously persecuted; at the end of three months nothing farther is thought about it. Most philosophical books are like La Fontaine's tales; they were at first burnt, but were in the end brought upon the stage at the comic opera. Why are these representations allowed? because it was at length discovered, that there was nothing in them but what was laughable. Why does the same book that has been proscribed, remain peaceably in the hands
of

of the readers? because it was found out that this book was in no shape pernicious to society; that no abstracted thought, or any pleasant fallies in it, have deprived one citizen of the least privilege; that it hath not raised the price of provisions; that the wallets of the mendicant monks have still been crammed; that the commerce of the world has not in any shape been disturbed by it; and that the book has in reality only served to employ the leisure of some readers.

The pleasure of persecution is, in fact, its only source.

Let us leave the casual oppression of philosophy, which has been a thousand times inflicted upon it, amongst us, to come to theological oppression, which is more durable. We may trace disputation to the primitive ages, and the opposite parties have always anathematized each

other. Which have been in the right? The strongest. Councils combat councils, till at length authority and time decide. Then the two parties unite, persecute a third that rises up, and this oppresses a fourth. We too well know, that blood has been continually spilling for one thousand five hundred years, on account of these disputes: but this is not sufficiently known. If there never had been any persecution, there never had been any religious war.

Let us then a thousand times repeat with a Dauphin, whose loss we so much deplore, Persecute no one.

*An Address to the Public upon the Parricides
imputed to the Families of Calas and
Sirven.*

HERE then are two accusations of parricide on account of religion in one year in France, and two families legally sacrificed by fanaticism. The same prejudice which stretched Calas upon the wheel at Toulouse, dragged to the gallows the whole family of Sirven, in a jurisdiction of the same province; and the same defender of innocence, M. Elias de Beaumont, advocate of the Parliament of Paris, who justified Calas, has also justified the Sirvens, by a memorial signed by several advocates; a memorial that demonstrates that the sentence pronounced against the Sirvens is still more absurd than the arrêt against the Calas's.

This, in few words, is the fact, the recital of which may serve as an instruction to foreigners, who cannot yet obtain the reading of the factum of the eloquent Mr. de Beaumont.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-one, at the very time that the protestant family of Calas were in fetters, accused with having assassinated Marc Anthony Calas, who it was supposed, was desirous of embracing the catholic religion, it happened that a daughter of the said Paul Sirven, commissary at Terrier, in the country of Castres, was presented to the bishop of Castres by a woman, who had the management of his house. The bishop, being informed that this girl was of a Calvinist family, shut her up in a kind of convent at Castres, called the house of the Regents. This young girl was flogged into a knowledge of the catholic religion, and this discipline was so severely bestowed

bestowed upon her, that she went mad; having escaped from her confinement, she threw herself into a well, in the middle of the country, at a great distance from her father's house, near a village called Mazamet. Hereupon the village justice reasoned thus: At Toulouse, Calas is going to be broke upon the wheel, and his wife burnt, who, doubtless, have destroyed their son, to prevent his going to mass: I should, therefore, according to the example of my superiors, do as much upon this occasion to the Sirvens, who have, doubtless, drowned their daughter for the same cause. It is true I have no proof that the father, mother, and two sisters of this girl have assassinated her; but I have heard there is no more proof against the Calas's, so that I run no risk. It would perhaps be too much for a country-justice to break upon the wheel and burn; I shall, at least, have the pleasure of taking up a whole Hu-

guenot family, and shall be paid for my trouble out of the confiscated effects. For the greater security, this impotent fanatic has the corpse examined by a doctor as learned in medicine as he is in jurisprudence. The doctor, quite astonished at not finding the girl's stomach filled with water, and being ignorant that it is impossible for water to enter a body, from which the air cannot issue, concludes that the girl has been knocked on the head, and afterwards thrown into the well. A devotee in the neighbourhood affirms, that this is a practice in all protestant families. At length, after many proceedings, as irregular as the reasoning was absurd, the justice decrees that the father, mother, and sisters of the deceased should be apprehended.

At this news Sirven convenes his friends; they are all convinced of his innocence: but the affair of Calas filled the
the

the whole province with terror ; they advise Sirven not to expose himself to the madness of fanaticism ; he flies with his wife and daughters, at an inclement season. This unhappy band are compelled to cross on foot mountains covered with snow ; one of the daughters of Sirven, who had been married about a year, is brought to-bed, without any assistance, upon the ice. Dying as she is, she is forced to carry her expiring infant in her arms. The first news that at length reaches this family upon their arrival in a place of safety, is, that the father and mother are condemned to death, and the two sisters, declared equally culpable, to perpetual banishment ; that their estate is confiscated ; and that they have nothing left in this world but opprobrium and misery.

This may be seen more at length in the excellent performance of M. de Beaumont,

mont, with complete proofs of the most pure innocence, and the most detestable injustice.

Providence, who allowed that the first attempts which produced the justification of Calas, who died upon the wheel in Languedoc, should come from the extremity of the mountains and neighbouring desarts of Switzerland, hath again been pleased that the vengeance of the Sirvens, should issue from the same solitude. The children of Calas took refuge there, the family of Sirven there sought an asylum at the same time. Sympathizing and truly religious men, who have had the consolation of serving these two unfortunate families, and who the first respected their disasters and their virtue, could not then present petitions for the Sirvens, as they could for the Calas's, because the criminal prosecutions against the Sirvens proceeded more slowly,

ly, and continued longer. And afterwards how could a wandering family, four hundred miles distant from their country recover the necessary pieces for their justification? what was to be done by a father overwhelmed with misery, a dying wife, whose grief hath, in fact, already destroyed her, and two daughters, equally unfortunate as their father and mother? It was necessary to legally require a copy of the proceedings against them. Forms perhaps necessary, but whose effect is often to oppress the innocent and wretched, would not allow it. Their intimidated relations did not dare write to them, all that this family could learn in a foreign country was, that they were condemned to death at home. Were it known with what care and difficulty some judicial proofs were extracted in their favour, it would be dreadful. By what kind of fatality is it so easy to oppress, and so difficult to succour?

The

The same forms of justice could not be used for the Sirvens which had been practised by the Calas's, because the Calas's had been condemned by a parliament, and the Sirvens had been tried only by subordinate judges, from whom an appeal lay to the same parliament. We shall not here repeat any thing of what has been said by the eloquent and generous M. de Beaumont ; but having considered how closely these two occurrences are united with the interest of mankind, we thought it was for the same interest to attack that fanaticism which produced them at its source. In the present instance, the subjects are only two obscure families ; but when the most unknown creature dies of the same contagion, which hath long desolated the earth, this is a declaration to the whole world that the disorder still subsists. All men should be upon their guard ; and if there be some physicians, they should

search for remedies to destroy the principles of the universal mortality.

Perhaps, the forms of jurisprudence may not allow the petition of the Sirvens to gain access to the king of France's council; but it has been received by the public; and that judge of all judges has pronounced. To him therefore we address ourselves, and after him we are now going to speak.

Examples

Examples of Fanaticism in general.

HUMAN nature has ever been susceptible of errors; but these have not been constantly homicides. We may have been ignorant that the earth revolved round the sun; we may have believed in fortune-tellers; we may have given credit to the prognostics of birds; have thought that serpents were enchanted; that party-coloured animals might be created by displaying to the mothers objects of different hues; we may have been persuaded that in the declension of the moon, the marrow of the bones diminishes; that corn must rot to grow, &c. Such kinds of folly have not, at least, produced persecution, discord, or murders.

Other species of madness have disturbed the earth, and given vent to a deluge of blood. We are not sufficiently acquainted,
for

for instance, with the number of wretches that have been delivered up to the executioner by ignorant judges, who quietly and without scruple condemned them to the flames upon an accusation of sorcery. There has not been a single tribunal in Christendom, that has not often been polluted with such judicial assassinations during fifteen hundred complete centuries ; and, when I say, that there have been amongst the Christians upwards of one hundred thousand victims to this idiot and barbarous jurisprudence, and that the greater part of them were innocent girls and women, I do not charge the account high enough.

Libraries are crammed with books relative to the laws of witchcraft ; all the decisions of these judges are founded upon the example of the magicians of Pharaoh, the witch of Endor, persons possessed, who are mentioned in the Evangelists,

gelists, and the apostles being expressly sent to exorcise people possessed of devils. No one dared aver, through pity for the human race, that God might formerly suffer possessions, and sorcery, and not allow them at present. Such a distinction would have appeared criminal; victims were absolutely necessary. Christianity was always defiled with such absurd barbarity; all the fathers of the church believed in magic; upwards of fifty councils pronounced anathemas against those who made devils enter into men's bodies by the virtue of words. The universal error was sacred; statesmen, who might have disabused the people, did not think of it, they were too much immersed in the torrent of business. They were afraid of the power of prejudice; they saw that this fanaticism sprang from the bosom of religion itself; they did not dare strike this unnatural child for fear of wounding the mother,

ther, they rather chose to expose themselves to the slavery of popular error, than combat it.

Princes and kings have paid dearly for the fault they were guilty of, in encouraging the superstition of the vulgar. Were not the people of Paris taught to believe that king Henry III. used sorcery in his devotion? and were not magical operations long in use to rob him of an unhappy life, whose thread was more surely cut by the knife of a Jacobin, than if all hell had been conjured up by sorcery?

Did not cheats want to conduct Martha Brosnier, who was possessed, to Rome, to accuse Henry IV. in the name of the devil, with not being a good catholic? Each year, in those half-savage times we are speaking of, was checquered with such adventures. Did not all that remained of the league at Paris promulgate

M

gate

gate, that the devil had wrung the handsome Gabriel D'Etree's neck ?

We should not, it is said now, bring forth to view these histories so shocking to human nature; and I say, that we should repeat them a thousand times, that they may be incessantly present to the mind of man. We should re-echo that the unfortunate priest Urban Grandier was condemned to the flames by ignorant judges, and sold to a blood-thirsty minister. Grandier's innocence was evident; but some nuns declared he had bewitched them, and this was enough. God was forgot, to speak only of the devil. It necessarily happened that the commerce between men and devils being by the priests made articles of faith, and the judges considering this imaginary crime as real and frequent as theft, we found amongst us more forcerers than robbers.

Evil

Evil Jurisprudence multiplies Crimes.

OUR rituals and jurisprudence, founded upon the decree of Gratian, were what, in fact, laid the ground-work of magic. A weak people give the alarm, our fathers excommunicate and exorcise those who enter into compacts with the devil; our judges burn them: it is, therefore, very certain that bargains may be made with the devil; now if these bargains are secretly made, and Belzebub keeps his word with us, we may be enriched in a single night. It is only necessary for us to go to the nocturnal meeting; the fear of being discovered should not preponderate over our hopes of the infinite good which the devil can do us. Besides, Beelzebub, being more powerful than our justices, may secure us against them. Thus reasoned these wretches; and the more piles that were lighted by

fanatical judges, the more ideots were found to brave them.

But there were besides more accusers than criminals. Was a girl with child without her lover being known, it was the devil that had impregnated her. Did some husbandmen obtain by their industry a more plentiful harvest than their neighbour, it was because they were forcerers : the inquisition burnt them, and sold their estates for its emolument. The pope delegated throughout all Germany and elsewhere judges, who gave up the victims to the secular power ; so that laymen were for a long time only the catchpoles and executioners of the priests. It is still the same in Spain and Portugal.

In proportion as a prince was ignorant and barbarous, the dominion of the devil was there acknowledged. We have a
collection

collection of the arrêts that were issued in Franche-Comté against the forcerers, published in 1607, by a chief judge of St. Claude, named Boguet, with the approbation of several bishops. Were a man to write such a work at present, he would be sent to Bedlam: but at that time, all the other judges were as cruelly incensed as he. Each province had a like register. In a word, when philosophy began to dawn upon men, the persecution of witches ceased; and they are no longer visible upon earth.

Of Parricides.

I MAY venture to say, that it is the same thing with respect to parricides. Let the judges of Languedoc cease rashly to think, that every father of a protestant family begins by assassinating his children, as soon as they have some disposition for the Roman faith ; and from that time, there will be no more prosecutions for parricides. This crime is indeed greater than that of entering into compact with the devil ; for it may happen that some weak women, who have been taught by their curate in his sermon, that they might go and copulate with a he-goat, at a nocturnal meeting of witches, may conceive from this discourse, a desire of going to this meeting, and copulating with a he-goat. There are such unguents in nature, whose frictions will
make

make women dream that they have received favours from the devil. But it is not in nature for fathers and mothers to cut their children's throats to please God. And, perhaps, if the suspicion continues, that it is common for protestants to assassinate their children, to prevent their turning catholics, the catholic religion may become so odious to them, as to stifle nature so far in some unhappy fanatic fathers, that they may be tempted to commit a crime which has been so rashly imputed to them,

An Italian author relates, that a monk of Calabria thought proper to go from village to village, and preach against bestiality, of which he drew such lively pictures, that three months after, upwards of fifty women were accused of this horrible crime.

*Toleration alone can render Society support-
able.*

WHAT a dreadful passion is that pride, which would force men to think like ourselves ! but is it not the summit of folly to think of bringing them to our dogmas, in making them continually revolt by the most atrocious calumnies, by persecutions, dragging them to the gallies, to the gibbet, to the wheel, and to the flaming pile ?

An Irish priest has lately advanced in a Pamphlet, that is, indeed, unknown, but which he has nevertheless written, and he has heard others assert, that we are come a hundred years too late to raise our voices against the want of toleration ; that barbarity has taken place of gentleness ; and this is not the time to complain. I shall reply to those who speak
in

in this manner: Observe what passes under your own eyes, and if you have a human heart, you will join your compassion to ours. Eight unhappy preachers have been hanged in France since the year 1745. The bills of confession have excited infinite troubles; and, at length, an unhappy fanatic from the dregs of the people, having attempted to assassinate the king in 1757, he answered, before the parliament upon his first interrogation*, he had undertaken this parricide through a principle of religion; and he added these fatal words, "He that does no good but to himself, is good for nothing." By whom was he taught them? who could teach a college-sweeper, a wretched varlet, to talk thus †? He maintained when put to the torture, not only that this assassination was a meritorious deed ‡, but that he had heard all

* Damien's Trial, p. 131.

† Ibid. p. 135.

‡ Ibid, p. 405.

the priests in the great hall of the palace where justice is administered, say the same.

The contagion of fanaticism then still subsists. The virus is so little eradicated, that a priest * in the country of the Calas's and Sirvens, printed a few years since, an Apology for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Another † has published the Justification of the Murderers of the curate Grandier; and when that useful humane Treatise upon Toleration appeared in France, it could not be allowed a public sale. This Treatise has indeed done some good, it has dissipated some prejudices, it has inspired a horror for persecutions and fanaticism; but in this picture of religious barbarities, the author has omitted certain features that would have rendered the picture

* The Abbé de Ceiverac.
Menardaye.

† The Abbey de la

more terrible, and the instruction more striking.

The author has been reproached with going a little too far, when, in order to display how detestable and frantic is persecution, he introduces a relation of Ravallac proposing to the Jesuit le Teller the confinement of all the Jansenists. This fiction might, indeed, appear somewhat *outrée* to those who are unacquainted with the silly rage of fanaticism. It will appear very surprising, when it is known, that what is a fiction in the *Treatise upon Toleration* is an historical fact.

We, in effect, find in the History of the Reformation of Switzerland, that in order to prevent the great change that was ready to burst, some priests of Geneva, in 1536, corrupted a servant maid to poison three of the principal actors
in

in the reformation; and that the poison not having been administered strong enough, they put some that was more violent in the bread and wine of the public communion, in order to exterminate all those of the reformed religion in a single morning, and to make the church of God triumph*.

The author of the Treatise upon Toleration has not mentioned the shocking executions wherein so many unhappy victims perished in the vallies of Piedmont. He has passed over in silence the massacre of six hundred inhabitants of Valtelina, men, women, and children, who were murdered by the catholics on a Sunday in the month of September, 1620. I will not say it was with the consent and assistance of the archbishop of Milan,

* Ruchat, Vol. I. p. 2, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Roset, Vol. III. p. 13. Savion, Vol. III. p. 126. Mess. Chouit, p. 26. with the testimonies of the prosecution.

Charles

Charles Borome, who was made a saint. Some passionate writers have averred this fact, which I am very far from believing ; but I say, there is scarce any city or borough in Europe, where blood has not been spilt for religious quarrels ; I say, that the human species has sensibly diminished, because women and girls were massacred as well as men ; I say, that Europe would have been one third better peopled, if there had been no theological disputes. In fine, I say, that so far from forgetting these abominable times, we should frequently take a view of them, to inspire an eternal horror for them ; and that it is for our age to make reparation by toleration, for this long collection of crimes, which has taken place through the want of toleration, during sixteen barbarous ages.

Let it not then be said, that there are
no traces left of that shocking fanaticism,
of

of the want of toleration ; they are still every where to be met with, even in those countries that are esteemed the most humane. The Lutheran and Calvinist preachers, were they masters, would, perhaps, be as little inclined to pity, as obdurate, as insolent as they upbraid their antagonists with being. The barbarous law, whereby any Roman catholic is forbidden to reside more than three days in certain countries is not yet revoked. An Italian, a Frenchman, or an Austrian, cannot occupy a house, or possess an acre of land in their territories ; whilst an unknown citizen of Geneva, or Schaffhausen, is, at least, allowed to purchase manors in France. If a Frenchman, on the contrary, wanted to purchase an estate in the protestant republics of which I am speaking, and if the government wisely winked at it, there would be still some souls formed of such clods, as to rise up against this tolerating humanity.

*What principally foment Anti-toleration,
Hatred, and Injustice.*

ONE of the great aliments of anti-toleration, and the hatred of citizens against their fellow countrymen, is that unhappy custom of perpetuating divisions by monuments and festivals. Such is the annual procession at Toulouse, wherein thanks are yearly returned to GOD, for four thousand murders; it has been forbidden by several royal ordinances, but is not yet abolished. Religion and the throne are annually insulted by this barbarous ceremony; and at the end of a century, the insult is doubly increased with the solemnity. These are the secular games at Toulouse: and the city then asks a plenary indulgence of the pope in favour of the procession. It doubtless stands in need of indulgence; but we cannot deserve it, whilst we eternize fanaticism. The

The last secular ceremony was observed in 1762, at the very time that Calas was expiring upon the wheel. God was praised on the one hand, and innocence massacred on the other. Will posterity believe to what a height superstition was carried in our time upon this unhappy solemnity?

At first, the coblers, in ceremonial habits, carry the head of the first bishop of Toulouse, and prince of Peloponesus, who incontestably held the see of Toulouse before the death of JESUS CHRIST. Then come the tylers, loaden with the bones of all the children that Herod put to death one thousand six hundred and sixty-six years ago; and though these children were buried at Ephesus, like the eleven thousand virgins at Cologne, as all the world can testify, they are nevertheless interred at Toulouse.

The

The dealers in old cloaths display a bit of the virgin's gown, which they take great care of, and which they purchased of a female Jew-dealer at the fair of Beaumaire.

The relics of St. Peter and St. Paul are carried by the fraternity of taylors. These probably were the dresses made for them by the habit-maker Dorcas; for as to their bodies, it is certain they are at Rome with their keys.

Thirty dead bodies next pass in review. If these mummeries only were considered, they would be ridiculous and disgusting. Piety deceived is nevertheless piety. The foolish people may, at all events, fulfil their duty (especially when the Police is exact) though they carry in procession the bones of four thousand children put to death by the wise command of Herod in Bethlehem. But so many dead bodies,

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which

which upon this occasion serve only to create a remembrance of four hundred citizens who were put to death in 1562, can make but a very shocking impression upon the minds of the living. Add to this the black and white penitents, who march in this procession, with a cloth mask over their faces, resembling ghosts, and greatly increase the horror of this doleful festival. The people retire with their heads full of phantoms, their hearts seized with the spirit of fanaticism, and filled with gall against their brethren, who are insulted by this procession. In this manner, people formerly came from the Chamber of Meditations amongst the Jesuits: the imagination is inflamed at these objects, and the soul becomes atrocious and implacable.

Unhappy mortals! let your festivals soften your manners, sway you to clemency, gentleness, and charity. Celebrate

brate the day of Fontenoy, when all the wounded enemies were carried with our own in the same houses, in the same hospitals, where they were treated with the same care and attention.

Celebrate the generosity of the English, who raised a subscription in favour of our prisoners in the last war.

Celebrate the benefactions which Lewis XV. heaped upon the family of Calas; and let this festival be an eternal reparation to injustice.

Celebrate the beneficent and useful institutions of the Invalids, of the young ladies of St. Cyr, of the gentlemen of the military school. Let your festivals commemorate virtuous actions, and not hatred, discord, brutality, blood-shed, and carnage.

Foreign Causes of Anti-toleration.

I Suppose that all these things were related to a Chinese, an Indian of good sense, and that he had the patience to listen to them ; I suppose him willing to be acquainted with the cause of so many persecutions in Europe, why such inveterate animosities still burst forth, whence arose so many reciprocal anathemas, so many pastoral instructions, which are no other than defamatory libels ; *lettres de cachets*, which under Lewis XIV. filled the prisons and desarts : an answer must be given to him. We must, blushing, tell him, the one believes in versatile grace, the others in effectual grace. In Avignon they say, that Jesus died for all, and in the suburbs of Paris, that he died for several. There it is averred that marriage is a visible sign of an invisible thing ; here it is maintained, there is nothing invisible

visible in this union. There are cities where the appearances of matter may subsist without the apparent matter existing, and where a body may be in fifty different places. There are other cities where matter is thought to be penetrable; and, in fine, to complete the whole, there are in these cities, great edifices where one thing is taught, and other edifices where a quite opposite thing must be believed. The method of disputation varies with the colour of the gowns so that the controversialists dressed in white, grey, and black, never agree; one person's being muffled up with a cloak, and another with a chosable, will have the same effect. These are the causes of this reciprocal anti-toleration, which makes the subjects of the same state at eternal enmity; and by an unaccountable mental disorder, these seeds of discord are allowed to subsist.

The Indian or Chinese would not certainly be able to comprehend that people should have persecuted one another, and cut one another's throats so long, for such reasons. He would immediately think that such horrid butchery could have no other source, but the direct opposite of moral principles. He would be greatly surprised, when he was informed, that our morals are all alike, the same as were professed at all times in China, and in India, the same by which all people have been governed. How justly he might pity and despise us, when he found this uniform and eternal morality could neither unite us, nor make us gentle, and that scholastic subtilties have made monsters of those who by sticking simply to this same morality, would have been brothers,

What I have here said with respect to the Calas's and Sirvens should have been repeated

peated these fifteen hundred years past, from the times of the quarrels of Athanasius and Arius, which the emperor Constantine immediately treated as senseless, to those of the Jesuit le Tellier, and the Jansenist Quésnel, and the bills of confession.

No—there is not a single theological dispute, which has been attended with fatal consequences. Twenty volumes might be compiled from them; but I shall conclude with that of the Cordeliers and Jacobins, who paved the way for the reformation of the powerful republic of Berne. This, amongst a thousand histories, is the most horrible, the most sacrilegious, and, at the same time, the best attested.

*A Digression upon the Sacrileges that brought
on the Reformation of Berne.*

IT is well known that the Cordeliers or Franciscans, and the Jacobins or Dominicans have, from their foundation, borne each other a reciprocal detestation. They were divided upon several theological points, as well as the interest of their wallet. Their chief quarrel turned upon the state of Mary before her birth. The Brother-Cordeliers averred that Mary had not sinned in her mother's venter; the Brother-Jacobins denied it. There never was, perhaps, a more ridiculous question, and it was this very thing, that made these two orders irreconcilable.

A Cordelier, preaching at Frankfort in 1503, upon the immaculate conception of Mary, saw a Dominican, named Vigam, come into church; "Holy virgin," he cried,

cried, "I thank thee for not having permitted me to be of a sect which dishonours thee and thy son!" Vigam told him he lied; the Cordelier came down from the pulpit, having an iron crucifix in his hand, with which he struck the Jacobin Vigam so very violently, that he left him for dead upon the spot: after which he finished his sermon upon the virgin.

The Jacobins convened a chapter to avenge this insult, and, in hopes of humiliating still more the Cordeliers, they resolved upon operating miracles. After several fruitless attempts, they at length met with a favourable opportunity at Berne.

One of their monks was confessor to a weak young taylor, named Jetzer, who paid particular devotion to the virgin Mary and St. Barbe. This idiot appeared to

to them an excellent subject for miracles. His confessor persuaded him that the virgin and St. Barbe expressly commanded him to make himself a Jacobin, and to give all his money to the convent. Jetzer obeyed, and took the habit. When he was well experienced in his profession, four Jacobins, whose names are in the prosecution, disguised themselves several times, as they easily could, one as an angel, another as a soul of purgatory, a third as the virgin Mary, and the fourth as St. Barbe.

The result of all these apparitions, an account of which would be too tedious to relate, was, that at length the virgin acknowledged to him, that she was born in original sin; that she would have been damned if her son, who was not yet upon earth, had not taken care immediately to regenerate her after she was born; that the Cordeliers were impious wretches, who grievously offended her son, by pretending that

that his mother had been conceived without mortal sin; and she charged him to declare this news to all the good servants of God and Mary in Berne.

Jetzer failed not to do it. Mary appeared again, accompanied by two robust, vigorous, angels, to thank him; she told him, that she came to imprint on him the holy stigmas of her son, as a proof of her mission, and to recompence him. The two angels tied him, and the virgin drove nails into his hands and feet. The next day brother Jetzer was publicly exposed upon the altar, fresh bleeding from the celestial favours he had received. The devotees came in crowds to kiss the wounds. He performed as many miracles as he desired; but the apparitions always continued. Jetzer at length discovered the voice of the under-prior, beneath the mask which he wore; he cried out, and threatened to reveal every thing; he followed

lowed the under-prior into his cell, where he found his confessor, St. Barbe, and the two angels, who were drinking with girls.

The monks, being detected, had no other resource but to poison him; they sprinkled a host with corrosive sublimate; Jetzer found it have such a bad taste that he could not swallow it; he fled from the church, crying out against the sacrilegious poisoners. The trial lasted two years; it came on before the bishop of Lausanne; for seculars were not then allowed to judge monks. The bishop took the part of the Dominicans. He determined that apparitions were real, and that poor Jetzer was an impostor: he had even the cruelty to put this innocent man to the torture; but the Dominicans, being afterwards so imprudent as to degrade him, and strip him of such a holy habit, Jetzer being hereby rendered a
secular,

secular, the council of Berne secured his person, received his depositions, and authenticated this concatenation of crimes; it was necessary to bring ecclesiastical judges from Rome, who were compelled by the testimony of truth to give up the criminals to the secular power; they were burnt the 31st of May 1509, at the gate of Marfilly. The whole trial is now in the archives of Berne, and it has been several times printed.

The Effects of the Spirit of Party and Fanaticism.

IF a simple monastic dispute could produce such strange and abominable crimes, let us not be astonished at the multitude which the spirit of party has given rise to between so many rival sects: let us ever dread the excesses to which fanaticism leads us: let us leave this monster at liberty: let us cease to cut his talons, and destroy his teeth: let reason so often persecuted be silent, we shall see the same horrid acts, as in past ages, the seed still subsists, and if it is not eradicated, it will spread over the whole earth.

Judge then, at length, sagacious readers, which is best, to adore God with simplicity, to fulfil all the duties of society, without starting questions equally fatal and incompre-

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prehensible, to be just and beneficent without joining any faction, or to give yourself up to fantastic opinions, which lead weak souls to destructive enthusiasm, and to crimes detestable and atrocious?

I do not think that I have swerved from my subject, in relating all these examples, in recommending to men that religion which unites them, and not that which divides them; that religion which is of no party, which forms virtuous citizens, and not impotent scholars; that religion which tolerates, and not that which persecutes; that religion which says that the whole law consists in loving God and one's neighbour, and not that which makes a tyrant of God and of one's neighbours so many victims.

Let us not make religion resemble those nymphs in the fable who copulated with animals, and brought forth monsters.

Men have been perverted principally by monks. The wise and profound Leibnitz has evidently proved it. He has shewn that the tenth century, which is called the Iron Age, was far less barbarous than the thirteenth and those succeeding, which produced that herd of beggars, who made vows of living at the expence of laymen, and tormenting them. Enemies to the human species, enemies to themselves as well as others, incapable of knowing the sweets of society, they necessarily detested it. They display amongst them a rigour under which they all groaned, and which they all helped to increase. Every monk shakes off the chain which he forged for himself, strikes his brother with it, and is struck in his turn. Miserable in their sacred retreats, they want to make other men miserable. Their cloisters are the abode of repentance, discord, and hatred. Their secret jurisdiction is that of Morocco and Algiers.

Algiers. They bury for life in dungeons those of their brethren who may accuse them. In a word, they have invented the inquisition.

I know that in the multitude of these wretches who infect half Europe, and whom seduction, ignorance, and poverty, have precipitated into cloisters at fifteen years of age, there have been men of singular merit, who have arose superior to their condition, and have been serviceable to their country. But I may venture to say, that all such great men, whose merit pervaded the cloister into the world, have all been persecuted by their brethren. Every learned man, every man of genius, endures more disgust, is attacked with more envy in these seminaries, than he would have experienced in the world. The ignoramus and the fanatic, who maintain the interest of the wallet, have more deference paid than

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the greatest genius in Europe would have in their situation. The horror which reigns in these caverns seldom meets the secular eye; and when it bursts forth, it is with the explosion of astonishing crimes. We have seen in the month of May of this very year * eight of those unhappy men called Capuchins, accused with having murdered their superior in Paris.

Nevertheless, by a strange fatality, fathers, mothers, and daughters kneeling, reveal all their secrets to these men, the refuse of nature, who, polluted with all crimes, boast of remitting the sins of man, in the name of that God whom they manufacture with their own hands.

How often have they inspired those they call their penitents, with all the atrociousness of their characters? They have been the principal fomenters of the religious animosities, which embitter life.

* 1766.

The

The judges who condemned the Calas's and Sirvens confessed to monks ; they gave Calas two monks to accompany him to the scaffold. These two men, less barbarous than their brethren, at first acknowledged, that Calas expiring upon the wheel called upon God with the resignation of innocence. But when they were required to give an attestation of this fact, they refused doing it, dreading to be punished by their superiors for having told the truth.

In fine, who would credit it, after the solemn verdict given in favour of the Calas's, that there should be an Irish jesuit, who, in the most insipid of all pamphlets, has dared to say that the defenders of the Calas's, and the masters of the requests, who did justice to their innocence, were enemies to religion?

mr. hood

The catholics reply to these reproaches, that the protestants are susceptible of the

like. The murders of Servel and Barnwell, say they, are at least upon a par with the assassination of the counsellor Du Bourg. The death of Charles I. may be put in competition with that of Henry III. The gloomy rage of the English presbyterians, and the fury of the Cannibals of the Cevennes, are equal to the horrors of St. Bartholomew.

Compare sects, compare times, you will every where find, for one thousand six hundred years, nearly an equal proportion of absurdity and horror, every where amongst a race of blind men, who are destroying each other in the obscurity that surrounds them. What book of controversy is there written without gall? and what theological dogma has not been the cause of spilling blood? This was the necessary effect of those sensible words, "Whomsoever listens not to the church, shall be looked upon as a Pagan and
 " a Pub-

“ a Publican.” Each party pretended to be the church ; each party has therefore constantly said, We abhor the officers of the customs, we are enjoined to treat whoever differs with us in opinions, as the smugglers treat the officers of the customs, when they have the superiority. Thus the first dogma every where established was hatred.

When the king of Prussia entered the first time into Silesia, a little protestant borough, jealous of a catholic village, came humbly to beg the king's permission, for putting all the inhabitants of that village to the sword. The king replied to the two deputies, If that village came to ask me leave to cut your throats, would you think me right to grant it to them? Oh, gracious sovereign ! replied the deputies, the case is very different ; we are the true church.

Remedies against the Madness of Souls.

THE rage of prejudice, which leads us to think all those guilty who are not of our opinion ; the rage of superstition, persecution, inquisition, is an epidemical disorder that has prevailed at different times, like the plague ; the following are the preservatives known to be the most salutary. First, inform yourself of the Roman laws, till the time of Theodosius ; you will not meet with a single edict to torture, crucify, or break upon the wheel, those who are accused only of thinking differently from yourself, and who do not trouble society by acts of disobedience, or insults against the public worship, authorized by the civil laws. This first reflection will, in some degree, soften the symptoms of the rage.

Collect

Collect several passages of Cicero, and begin by this: *Superstitio instat & urget, & quocumque te verteris persequitur, &c.**

“ If you let superstition gain access to you, it will follow you every where, you will never be free from it.” This precaution will be very useful against the disorder it is necessary to treat of.

Forget not Seneca, who, in his 95th Epistle, expresses himself thus: “ Do you desire God to be propitious, be just; we do him sufficient honour when we imitate him.” *Vis Deam propitiari; bonus esto; satis illum coluit quisquis imitatus est.*

When you have got sufficient materials for a provision of these ancient remedies, which are innumerable, then come to the good bishop Sinesius, who said to

• Cic. de Divinatione.

those who wanted to consecrate him,
 " I pre-inform you, that I will neither
 " deceive nor force the conscience of any
 " one; I will allow every one to peace-
 " ably enjoy his own opinion, and I shall
 " abide by mine. I will teach nothing but
 " what I believe. If you will consecrate
 " me upon these conditions, I consent; if
 " not, I give up the bishopric."

Then come down to the moderns,
 take some preservatives from archbishop
 Tillotson, the wisest and most eloquent
 preacher in Europe.

" All sects," says he " are commonly
 " most hot and furious for those things
 " for which there is the least reason."

In another place, he says, " Better it
 " were that there were no revealed re-
 " ligion, and that human nature were
 " left

“ left to the conduct of its own principles,
 “ mild and merciful, and conducive to
 “ the happiness of society, than to be
 “ acted by a religion which inspires men
 “ with so wild a fury.” Observe well
 these remarkable words: they do not say
 that human reason is preferable to reve-
 lation; but they signify that if there
 were no other medium between reason and
 the abuse of a revelation, which would
 only make fanatics, it were a hundred
 times better to yield to nature than to a
 persecuting and tyrannical religion.

I next recommend to you these verses,
 which I read in a work both very pious
 and very philosophical:

*A la Religion discrètement fidelle,
 Sais doux, compatissant, sage, indulgent comme elle;
 Et sans noyer autrui songe à gagner le port:
 Qui pardonne a raison, & la colere a tort.
 Dans nos jours passagers de peines, de misères,
 Enfants du même Dieu, vivons du moins en frères,*

Aidons

*Aidons nous l'un & l'autre à porter nos fardeaux.
 Nous marchons tous courbés sous le poids de nos maux ;
 Mille ennemis cruels assiégent notre vie,
 Toujours par nous maudite, & toujours si chérie :
 Notre cœur égaré, sans guide & sans apui,
 Est brûlé de désirs, ou glacé par l'ennui.
 Nul de nous n'a vécu sans connaître les larmes.
 De la société les secourables charmes
 Consolent nos douleurs au moins quelques instans,
 Remède encor trop faible à des maux si constans.
 Ah ! n'empoisonnons pas la douceur qui nous reste.
 Je crois voir des forçats dans un cachot funeste,
 Se pouvant secourir, l'un sur l'autre acharnés,
 Combattre avec les fers dont ils sont enchainés.*

When you have fortified your mind with
 a hundred such passages, go still farther ;
 accustom yourself to think by yourself ;
 observe what will result to you from a
 desire of ruling over consciences. You
 will be followed by a few weak people,
 and you will be abhorred by all rea-
 sonable minds. If you are convinced,
 you must be a tyrant to insist that others
 should be persuaded like yourself. If you
 do not believe, you are a monster to teach
 what

what you despise, and persecute those whose opinions you adopt. In a word, mutual toleration is the only remedy against the errors that pervert the minds of men from one end of the universe to the other.

The human species resembles a crowd of passengers on board a ship; some are at the stern, some at the prow, many in the hold and the cabbins. The ship leaks on every side, the storm continues; wretched passengers, who will all be swallowed up! Should we, instead of giving each other the necessary assistance, which would soften the calamities of the passage, render the voyage still more dreadful? But this one is a Nestorian, that a Jew; there is one who believes in an inhabitant of Picardy, the other in a native of Isleba. Here is an ignicole family, those are Mussulmans, and on the

the other side are Anabaptists. But what signifies their sect? they should all labour to calk the ship, as each by securing his neighbour's life for a few moments, also secures his own; but they all quarrel, and they all perish.

The ignorant are like a crowd of passengers on board a ship; some are at the helm, some at the prow, many in the hold and the cabins. The ship leaks on every side, the storm continues, wretched passengers, who will all be swallowed up! Should we, instead of giving each other the necessary assistance, which would shorten the duration of the passage, render the voyage still more dreadful? But this one is a Methodist, that a Jew, there is one who believes in an inheritance of poverty, the other in a kingdom of Israel. There is an Ignorant family, those are Methodists, and on those are Jews, and so on.

Con-

Conclusion.

AFTER having shewn our readers this chain of superstition, which has extended from age to age till our time, we implore noble and sympathizing souls, as examples for others; we conjure them to vouchsafe placing themselves at the head of those who have undertaken to justify and succour the family of Sirven. The shocking adventure of the Calas's, in which all Europe is concerned, cannot have exhausted the compassion of sensible hearts; and since the most horrid injustice is multiplied, virtuous pity will increase.

We must say, to the glory of our age, and that of philosophy, that the Calas's have not received those succours that have repaired their misfortunes,

tunes, but from the hands of the enlightened and sagacious, who trample fanaticism under feet. Not one of those who are called devotees, it is with grief we say it, has wiped away their tears, or bestowed his beneficence. None but rational minds think nobly : crowned heads, souls worthy of their rank, have upon this occasion furnished great examples ; their names will be enrolled in the records of philosophy, which consist of the horrors of superstition, and that universal charity, which Cicero recommends, *Caritas humanis generis* ; that charity whose name theology has borrowed, as if it had no other patron, but whose reality it has often proscribed ; that charity, which consists in a love of mankind, a virtue unknown to impostors, pedants who dispute, and fanatics who persecute.

F I N I S.



